

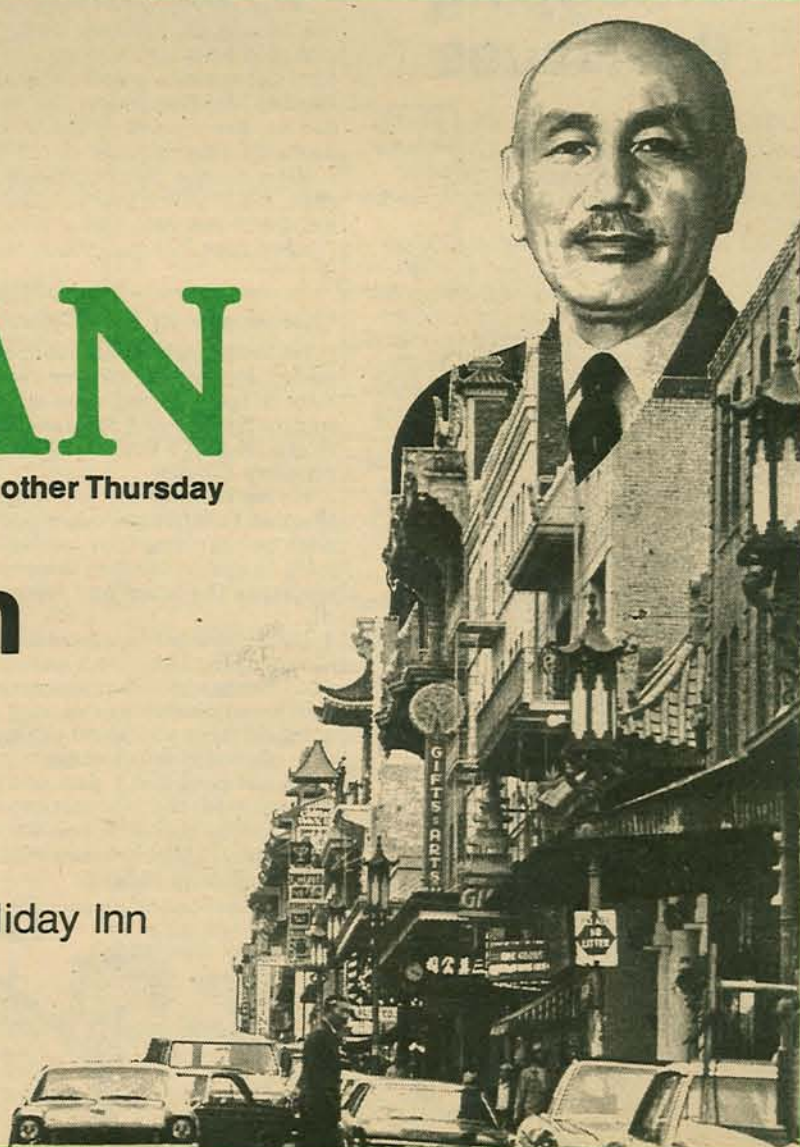
THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

The Bay Area's alternative newspaper. Published fortnightly every other Thursday

Meanwhile, back in Chinatown . . .

... Chiang still runs the show
Six Companies dominate but for how long?
The inscrutable Chinese Cultural Center — It's a Holiday Inn
A chronology of the Yellow Peril

Vol. 6 No. 2 March 28, 1972



URBAN STRATEGY

HOW 55 OF 58 S.F. SUPERMARKETS
ARE SHORT WEIGHTING MEAT —
AN EXCLUSIVE GUARDIAN LISTING By Marcy Kates

In the supermarket where I shop, cameras and two-way mirrors keep tabs on me as a potential shoplifter. Lots of tiny black-and-yellow signs warn "Shoplifting is a crime punishable by law."

Lately, after two months of checking the short weighting records of San Francisco markets, I'm tempted to post a warning, "Short weighting is punishable by law, too."

For the records from the SF Department of Weights and Measures disclose that 55 of 58 markets in San Francisco are violating the law by repeatedly short weighting pre-packaged meat (any meat, fish or poultry wrapped and weighed at the store, such as ground beef). See Table A, p. 24.

Tom Hamburger and I researched the short weight records in the SF Department of Weights and Measures (which inspects such things as pre-packaged meat, gas pumps, taxi meters and dairy products.) We went on inspection tours with inspectors, interviewed consumer experts, went through the audits and invoices of every market in San Francisco and computed the average short weight percentage of each store for 1970 and 1971. We found, among other things, that:

*Unsuspecting consumers are paying thousands of dollars for meat that simply doesn't exist. (The typical short weight package of meat is a few hundredths of a pound off—about half an ounce, according to W & M. A penny or two less for each consumer, tens of thousands of dollars more in aggregate for the stores.)

*W & M officials aren't rigorously enforcing state and federal laws prohibiting short weighting. While Riverside and Los Angeles Counties are taking violators to court, San Francisco hasn't prosecuted a short weight violation for seven years.

*It's almost impossible to find out the short weight record of your local market—unless you do like we did and spend weeks checking W & M records. The department doesn't post publicly the results of its inspections, rate markets or keep their records in easily understandable form. (At least, however, you can see the W & M records in San Francisco: you cannot see them in San Mateo, Alameda and Contra Costa W & M departments.)

*Consumers are virtually helpless in verifying the weight of packages in the store. You must accept the weight stated on the package because no markets provide customer scales; you can't use the produce scales (they show ounces, not hundredths of a pound). All you can do is ask to use the scale at the checkout counter, which is difficult.

*Once you take the meat out of the store, you are stuck with it; you can't take it back. If you weigh the meat at home and discover it is short weight, all you can do is register complaints with the store manager and W & M, Room 6 in the basement of City Hall, 558-4911.

All of these points we discussed with William Petry, county sealer and head of the W & M department. He has two favorite expressions: "We've been in consumer protection ever since we've been in business" and "our policy is to let industry police itself."

Petry says his department is doing a good job, that short weighting is under control, that the department's present method of making unannounced inspection audits of pre-packaged meat counters is an effective deterrent to short weighting.

If the inspector making the audit determines through statistical sampling that

packages contain less than the amount stated on the label, Petry explained, then he will order them "off-sale" and require, on the spot, that they be re-weighed and re-marked.

However, most markets are officially inspected only three or four times a year (see Table A), clearly not enough inspections to deter a store from short weighting. (Petry's department, like most W & M departments, have a money and manpower problem: he has the same number of inspectors (7) as the county sealer had in 1915.)

Wouldn't it be more profitable for a store to be "careless" 362 days a year, then rewrapping some packages during the three surprise audits? "We check the stores more than three times a year," Petry explained. "Sometimes, we send an inspector to walk through the store—just to let them know we could be there any time."

I asked Petry, an amiable administrator who sports a Western string tie, if he would consider prosecuting repeated short weighters. "We don't have repeated violators in San Francisco. If we had to bring cases to court, we wouldn't be doing our job."

"Should we throw the head of a company in jail because of the mistakes of one bum employee? I can't think of a single store that would require that sort of treatment. . . I've been in this business a long time. Merchants are basically honest today. We get voluntary compliance. Why should we take them to court because of small errors? The butcher might have had a bad day. . ."

What does Petry consider a serious degree of short weight? "Anything that cannot be accounted for in terms of human error." Petry won't specify what percentage would exceed "human error."

Markets short weight meat in two ways: (1) Some markets consistently short weigh, but the short weight percentage is small enough in each audit so it doesn't require further sampling. (2) Other markets short weigh less often, but the short weight percentage is greater, often large enough to require sampling which could lead to prosecution.

Safeway on Castro, one of the worst short weighters, is an example of the first pattern (See Table B). The store's average short weight percentage for nine inspections in 1970-71 was high (8.9%), but each individual audit did not have enough short weight packages to require further sampling under the complicated sampling formula laid down by the California Administrative Code.

When I showed Petry my inspection breakdown for the Safeway on Castro (See Table B) he said, "This is not a very good record. . . I don't like all the repetition. . . Still two (short weight packages) out of 30 (sample packages) isn't so bad."

What can be done about this kind of repeated short weighting that is not large enough to require further sampling, but still cheats the consumer? "That's the question we just can't answer," he replied.

Why not publicize regularly the stores that do repeated short weighting. "That's too harsh. It would put them out of business."

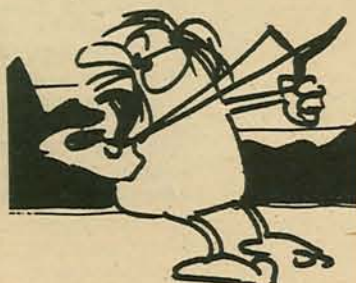
On the second pattern of short weighting (less frequent but with bigger percentages), the State requires further sampling. If an audit indicates that a significant number of packages are short weight, the inspector is supposed to make a Package Inspection Report (P.I.R.). A P.I.R. is a further sampling process which documents the level of



Continued on back page

COMING UP: Dan O'Neill goes to war

Dan O'Neill, creator of Odd Bodkins, is off to cover the war in Ireland as a special Guardian correspondent. Watch for his frontline communiques.



ON GUARD

Smogging the issues

The Directors of the Bay Area Air Pollution Control District, a \$3.37 million agency empowered to regulate air pollution in 9 counties, hold monthly meetings open to the public.

But at the Mar. 1 meeting, the Directors (a supervisor and a mayor or city councilman from each county) adjourned to a closed executive session to conduct possibly their most important public business in months—the presentation by Director William Jelavich of a 66-page indictment against Jud Callaghan, chief air pollution control officer.

The document accuses Callaghan of deliberately stalling the development of air pollution control policies, misleading the Board of Directors and Advisory Council and “showing a clear sympathy for the interests of industrial polluters.”

Besides Jelavich, six other directors had seen the report before the meeting. While numerous citizens' groups have previously demanded Callaghan's resignation, the Jelavich document represents the first time such strong action has been taken within the Board of Directors.

Ned Groth, a Stanford graduate student and a member of the Advisory Council, spent four months writing the report with other conservationists. The timing of the presentation, according to Groth, was pre-

cipitated by the Callaghan-instigated attack against BAAPCD lawyer Matthew Walker.

When they returned from their executive session, all directors, including Jelavich, had been sworn to say only that they “discussed a personnel matter not related to Matthew Walker.” If several copies had not been leaked to the press, the public would know nothing about the charges.

Here are the ten charges against Callaghan. BAAPCD refuses to release the document, but you can inspect the Guardian's “leaked copy” at our office; 1070 Bryant St.

—Julia Cheever

Charges against D.J. Callaghan

1. He has knowingly and deliberately stalled, evaded and delayed the development of specific important air pollution control policies and programs requested by the District's Board of Directors and Advisory Council.

2. He has consistently and successfully attempted to influence major policy decisions by providing false, misleading, one-sided or undocumented information and reports to the Board and Advisory Council.

3. He has refused to cooperate with the efforts of the Board and Advisory Council to formulate new programs and policies, by withholding or causing to be withheld from the Board or Council specific requested information.

4. He has exhibited a clear and pronounced sympathy for the interests and concerns of industrial polluters, and has actively aided and abetted industry efforts to influence District policies.

5. He has exhibited insensitivity to and antipathy toward the concerns and interests of citizens and groups of citizens with grievances associated with industrial pollution problems, and has created an atmosphere of antagonism around the efforts of such citizens to influence District policies.

6. His style, his behavior, the quality of his public statements and the slow pace of pollution control progress under his leadership, have greatly undermined the credibility of the District with the general public, and eroded public support for the BAAPCD.

7. He has rebuffed, ignored and refused to work harmoniously with a number of members of the District staff, and has treated the competent professional advice of many top staff members with disinterest or disdain.

He has pursued administrative procedures designed to stifle and restrain staff members whose sense of urgency is greater than his own, and has rewarded those whose prominent attributes have been loyalty and obedience.

His favoritism, his methods of handling unsatisfied personnel and his lack of commitment to aggressive air pollution control programs, have created distrust, division and serious morale problems among the District staff.

8. In the matter involving Mr. Walker, the District Counsel, he began and has carried to its present point a campaign of covert persuasion, involving a number of members of the Board of Directors, in an effort to gain the dismissal of Mr. Walker.

In pursuing this effort, he violated, or caused members of the Board to violate, the District's Administrative Code. He precipitated a divisive crisis which has commanded the primary attention of the Board and staff for several months, during which time air pollution control efforts, staff morale and public support for the District all have suffered.

9. He has, over a period of years, circumvented and dismantled the system of checks and balances that was built into the enabling act and the original administrative code, so that all power and authority, and control of every phase of the District's operations, is now centralized in his person.

10. When confronted with some of the District's existing problems, and specifically ordered to institute reforms, he has done so only when forced to, and even then, only to the minimum extent that is absolutely required. He has demonstrated that he cannot be trusted or rehabilitated.

Thumbs down

Why, why, why does the PUC continue to whack away at the Muni: without once making a move against PG&E, its illegal private power monopoly and the \$40 million or so a year it steals from San Francisco in private power profits. It is insanity—contempt for the public—raised to the level of public policy.



Cartoon: Louis Dunn

LETTERS

To the editor:

The struggle against the PG&E may seem like a futile, losing battle. But everywhere I go to talk about public power people say “Have you seen the Bay Guardian.” While not exactly a household word, the “Raker Act” has even been mentioned from time to time. I'm sure that some people think this is a worthless and lackluster campaign. But so long as PG&E keeps stuffing our bills with “Progress” you can be sure that the younger generation will be hip to their game. Take cheer. No lie can live forever!!

Joe Neilands
Berkeley

To the editor:

Congratulations on your sixth anniversary. But I wish to register some criticism about your lead article. As an ex-newspaper woman of considerable experience with a non-idealistic, very commercial local paper, I think I am as qualified as anyone to be critical of newspaper hierarchy.

So, I do not object to honest, much-needed muckraking. But Mr. Tapley's article struck me as dreadfully in need of editing and its content open to question. Altogether, the author exposed an incredible amount of naivete about newspapers in general and the Chronicle in particular, and I think his revealing confidences of his

co-workers who are still employed at the Chronicle is beneath contempt for an adult, just barely acceptable in a teenage cub reporter.

He could have used quotes without naming people who will surely suffer for their candor.

Anyhow, his lack of responsible journalism certainly is ironic in view of his article's intent.

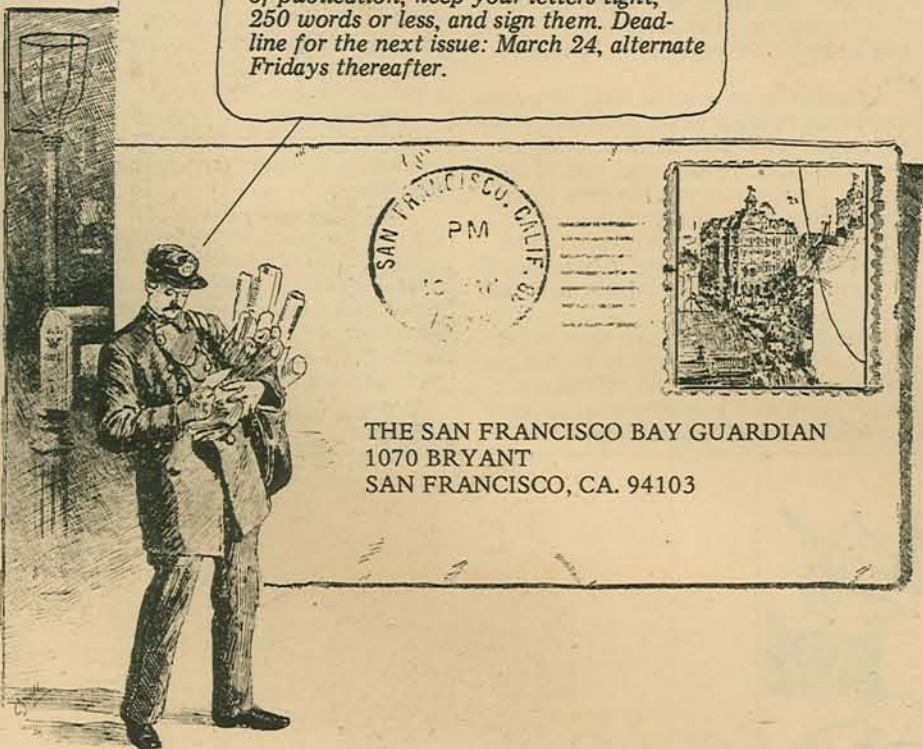
There is much that needs to be publicized about newspaper monopolies—heaven knows—and plenty of material for anyone ready to take up the cudgels. But Mr. Tapley's story is a poor beginning on the subject. Had I been the Chronicle editor, this young man would have been a copy boy, never a make-up man or assistant editor, or whatever. And he would have had to write much more succinctly and readably before graduating out of the obituary reports. His 18-month employment at the Chronicle is the real criticism of how poorly the staff is selected these days.

Theresa L. Cone
Berkeley

Note: Lance Tapley has been asked to reply in the next issue. Meanwhile, the February issue of the Chicago Journalism Review commented:

“The San Francisco Bay Guardian, long the conscience of journalism in the Bay Area, scored a coup in its December 22 issue with the ‘confession’ of Lance Tapley, a former editor of the Chronicle's Sunday Punch magazine. Tapley reaches the jugular in his slashing attack on the men who produce the ‘sniggering, trivial, insufficient, tasteless, dishonest pap’ that calls itself ‘the Voice of the West.’ Among the villains of Tapley's piece are not only publisher Charles deYoung Thieriot and managing editor Gordon Pates, but also the ‘safe, conservative journalists who are not going to jeopardize their home in Marin, with wife 2 kids and 2 cars under the California sun.’”

Note: The Guardian is expanding its letters-to-the-editor section. For best chance of publication, keep your letters tight, 250 words or less, and sign them. Deadline for the next issue: March 24, alternate Fridays thereafter.



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Six months ago, when Richard Nixon announced he would visit China, the Guardian decided to explore another China much closer to home, San Francisco's Chinatown. Most San Franciscans know less about Chinatown than they do about China itself.

San Francisco's Chinatown, a community of some 70,000 Chinese, is about the most squalid ghetto in the city. More than 100 years of racial and economic discrimination have left half the people in poverty, and also led to the creation of a Chinatown establishment with almost dictatorial control. Now, America's open immigration, changing China policy and related events are producing massive changes in Chinatown.

The following four articles represent a first attempt to dispel some myths about Chinatown and provide non-Chinese San Franciscans with a realistic picture of life behind the glitter of Grant Avenue. They were researched and written by a special Guardian team, with much help from inside Chinatown.

The team members are Warren Breed, Tulane University sociologist now with Scientific Analysis Corporation in San Francisco; Mike Miller of the San Francisco Study Center; Carol Kroot, a Guardian reporter; Brett de Bary and Victor Nee, co-authors of "Long Time California: Story of an American Chinatown," to be published this fall by Pantheon Books.

... Chiang still runs the show

By Victor Nee and Brett de Bary

Chiang Kai-shek isn't living in San Francisco's Chinatown, but he might as well be.

For in all the world, including Taiwan itself, there's no Chiang stronghold as solid as the one in San Francisco's Chinatown. There's even published speculation that the aging dictator would like to live out his years in Chinatown if, as many experts predict, Nixon's trip to China proves the deathblow to Chiang's strong-arm regime on Taiwan.

The dream of recapturing the mainland lives on and on in San Francisco. In part this stems from the loyalty of many older Chinese people, who see Chiang as the legitimate heir to Sun Yat-sen and the 1900's hope for a democratic China. Many of these people left China believing they would someday return; 80-year-old patriarchs, and even their 60-year-old children who have never travelled outside California, still talk of "going back."

But an equally important factor is the thickly interwoven web connecting Chiang and his Kuo Min Tang party (KMT) with the powerful Chinatown Consolidated Benevolent Association (CBA), also known as the Six Companies. The CBA leaders, most of them in their 60s and 70s, may be looking beyond Chiang for new ways to keep their control in a Chinatown rapidly changing because of new, less restrictive immigration laws and Nixon's new China policy, but it's doubtful they can shed their KMT connections. For the CBA leaders and the KMT leaders are the same men.

Although the KMT and CBA have together exploited the ancient loyalties of older immigrants for more than 30 years, the roots of Chinatown's love-affair with Chiang trace much further back. Nearly a century of American racial and economic discrimination against Chinese immigrants has encouraged them to withdraw from American society and to nurse their hopes to return to China.

Between 1850 and 1943, legislative racism denied citizenship and full participation in American society to Chinese immigrants (see Chronology). Confined to America's first racial ghettos, Chinese were prohibited by law from testifying in courts and enrolling their children in white public schools. The hostility of white labor not only excluded them from the 19th century labor movement, but led to repeated demands for legislation which would bar all Chinese from the country.

Within their isolation, American Chinese quickly developed a social structure to meet the demands of the new environment. The strongest and most basic units of organization were extended family or clan groups known as family associations.

These merged on a higher level into district associations, defined according to the district of an immigrant's origin in Nantung province. At the pinnacle of this three-tiered structure stood the highest organ of community control, a board of directors composed of representatives from each district association.

This body, popularly known as the Six Companies, represented the Chinese to American society under the title of Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association. Its leaders were invariably those men with the highest status in the community, the well-to-do merchants who negotiated the contracting of Chinese laborers to American employers.

During the 19th century, the CBA sporadically attempted to better the lot of Chinese in America. However, like the national bourgeoisie of pre-revolutionary China, it maintained overriding interest in enhancing its own position of wealth and power. This position was dependent on continuing Chinatown's historic isolation, without which they could not enforce the system of exploitation which kept Chinatown workers as a profitable source of cheap labor.

In the course of the 20th century, the merchants of the CBA gradually found

that the loyalty of many immigrants to Chiang Kai-shek could be wielded as an efficient tool to buttress and consolidate their ruling position. Two particular developments in international history made this possible: the first, in the 1930s, was a concerted attempt by the Republic of China and its ruling party, the KMT, to cement their ties with overseas Chinese; the second, in the early 1950s, was a wave of American anti-Communist hysteria provoked, in part, by Mao's victory over Chiang in China.

Ironically, while F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover yearly warns that Chinese-American communities have been infiltrated by foreign agents of Communist China, San Francisco has long harbored the headquarters of the American KMT party, registered with the Dept. of Justice as a Foreign Agent whose purpose is "to secure and maintain interest of Chinese residents of the U.S. to aid and further the aims of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuo Min Tang." In another irony, the KMT's rise to power in Chinatown began about the time Hoover first took office in the 1920s; and it happened because the KMT, then engaged in a United Front with the Chinese Communist Party, decided to reorganize along the lines of the successful Bolshevik party in Russia.

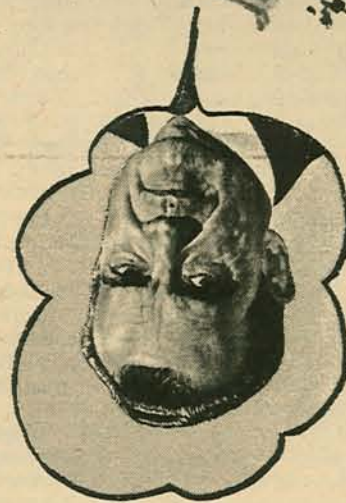
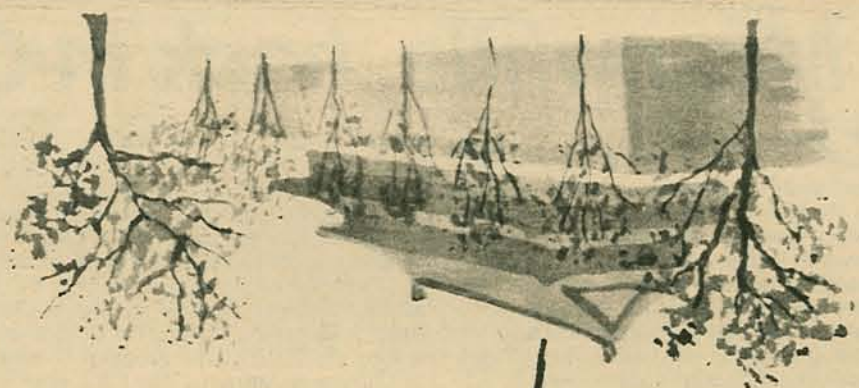
In the late 1930s, the reorganized KMT sent agents to the far-flung overseas Chinese communities to strengthen the KMT branches established by Sun Yat-sen and put them under direct control of Generalissimo Chiang. To do this, the KMT agents followed the Bolshevik policy of control from above by a dual strategy of recruiting local leaders to the KMT, and by placing agents sent out by the KMT's Central Executive Committee in China in key positions within the community.

The success of this KMT campaign is visible in the careers of any number of leaders in Chinatown today. Take, for example, Dr. Kalfred Dip Lum, identified in an East West newspaper report as a "72-year-old retired political scientist." Dr. Lum was a principal speaker at the CBA's protest last September against Communist China's admission to the U.N. Two years earlier, he appeared before the SF Board of Education as a spokesman for the CBA, which he called "the highest organization of Chinese in America," and announced the Chinese community's firm opposition to the Board's integrated busing plan. But the beginning of Dr. Lum's career as a Chinatown leader is revealed in the Chinese Digest of January, 1938: "Dr. Kalfred Dip Lum, special envoy from China. . . went to Chinatown in September, 1937, with full authority to adjust KMT affairs in this country."

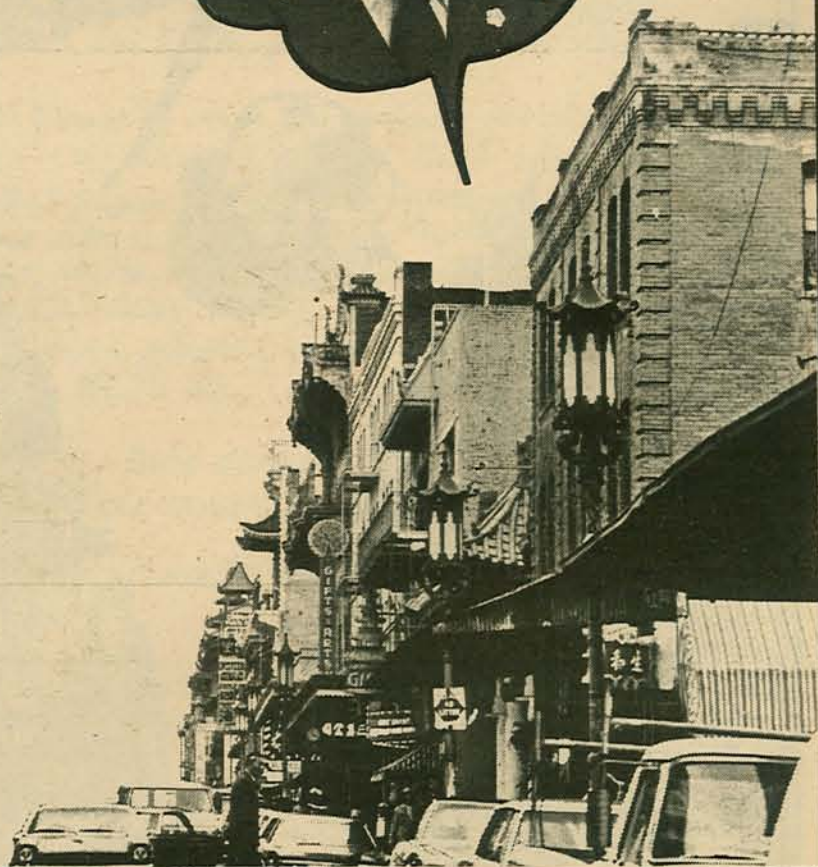
It was in 1937, when envoy Lum entered Chinatown, that Chiang's government first attempted to make the Kuo Min Tang party synonymous with the CBA leadership. Political ferment raged in Chinatown at this time because of China's war with Japan. Lum's task, according to Chinese Digest, was to unite "the three factions of the Kuo Min Tang in Chinatown. . . Right, Left and Center," none of them solidly in support of Chiang. Lum set up a completely new KMT headquarters and appointed six special commissioners, including the most prestigious leaders in Chinatown. Lum's key appointment went to the most powerful man in Chinatown, Wong Goon Dick, a leader in both the CBA and the Chinatown underworld. Wong led the largest family association (Wong) and the largest district association (Ning Yeung), and was therefore the most influential director of the CBA. He was also president of a powerful secret society in Chinatown's underworld, the Bing Kung Tong. Lum further reinforced Wong's bond to the Republic of China by appointing him Advisor to the Chinese Consulate, an office calculated to bring him even greater prestige within the community.

When Wong Goon Dick died, the Nationalist Chinese government, by then in its insecure retreat in Taiwan, went to even greater lengths to insure the loyalty of his successor, Wong Yen Doon. It made him a member of the government of Nationalist China. Wong Yen Doon today remains the

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Meanwhile, back in Chinatown . . .



Meanwhile, back in Chinatown . . .

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most powerful leader in Chinatown, bearing the title National Policy Advisor to Chiang Kai-shek. (Former U.S. Attorney James Schnake, who handled Chinese immigration cases in the 1950s, has commented: "If an effort had been made to dig up the evidence, Wong would have been denaturalized on the basis of his official position in a foreign government.")

Yet the KMT could not claim complete control of Chinatown until another turn in international history brought a second dimension to the meaning and practice of loyalty in Chinatown.

In 1949, the unexpected victory of Chinese Communist forces on the mainland and a resulting wave of hysteria in the U.S. focused a new spotlight on Chinese-Americans. As the U.S. confronted Chinese Communist forces in North Korea, and Joe McCarthy began the search for "Communist traitors" in the high levels of government, loyalty for Chinese-Americans took on a new requirement: anti-communism. The time was ripe for the KMT/CBA to destroy its opposition in Chinatown by accusing it of treason not only to China, but to the U.S.

In 1954, when Chinatown businessmen found themselves objects of the jibe, "You Chinese are killing our boys in Korea," and a mild anti-Chinese feeling reappeared on the West Coast, the CBA publicly announced the birth of a new community organization, the Anti-Communist League.

Its purpose, as stated in the founding documents, was "to let the American people know that the Chinese are not Communists, and to rally all overseas Chinese people against communism and to the support of the Republic of China." The Anti-Communist League wrote letters to American politicians urging them not to recognize the Communist government in China, sponsored a yearly memorial service for "compatriots killed by Communists on the mainland," and, as one Chinatown newspaper editor recalls, "succeeded in convincing the American public that Chinatown was 100% in support of Chiang Kai-shek."

What the Anti-Communist League did not tell the American public was that it had been organized by Liu Pei-chi, KMT agent. Liu, now retired and living in Chi-

natown, was sent to San Francisco by the KMT in 1940 to reorganize the Chinese Nationalist Daily. He gave the Guardian his recollection of Chinatown in the 50s: "After the Chinese crossed the Yalu River, I could see the Communists were coming up. Even the American people began to be afraid. There was a lot of trouble in Chinatown with people looking for Communists among us. Some people stopped coming to Chinese restaurants. The CBA was searching for a way to prove that the Chinese are not all Communists. I saw a good chance to organize." Liu suggested to Doon Wong, CBA leader and National Policy Advisor to Chiang, that they set up an anti-Communist league in Chinatown, as Liu put it, "to prove to the American people that we are against communism."

Out of Chinatown's political ferment in the late 1930s and 1940s, three leftist organizations had appeared and attracted considerable popular support. The most powerful of these was the militant left-wing Chinese Worker's Mutual Aid Association.

Originally organized during the CIO campaign to unionize Chinese cannery workers in Monterey in 1937, it established itself in Chinatown in the early 1940s to promote the cause of unionism. Another group, the Chinese Youth for Democracy (Min Ching), sponsored study groups in Chinese history and had developed an intense interest in the Chinese revolution and Maoist theory.

The third and least known group was the League for Peace and Democracy. This was composed of progressive businessmen, organized by the famous Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang on a tour of the U.S.

On October 9, 1949, a coalition of these groups organized a celebration of the founding of the Chinese People's Republic in a large Chinatown auditorium.

Four hundred people attended, including a sprinkling of white dock workers from the ILWU. Albert Ja, one of the speakers, remembers: "The ceremony had gone on for about 40 minutes. It was my turn to give a speech. As I was standing behind the podium, the door opened and I saw about 20 men come in. Several rushed up to the front of the hall, and tore down the flag that was hanging on the stage, and knocked away the vase of flowers that was in front of me on the podium."

"They began to hit and kick people in the audience and throw blue dye on their clothes. An older graduate student in the audience was hospitalized. After 20 minutes, the meeting was completely disrupted."

On the following day, a black list was issued in the Chinatown underworld citing the names of 15 leftists and offering a \$5,000 reward for the death of anyone on the list.

Liu Pei-chi now admits the KMT/CBA masterminded the rousting of the celebration as part of its vicious suppression of the Chinatown left. "Some of our people went inside and beat them up," he told the Guardian. The strong-arm Bing Kung and Hop Sing Tongs from the Chinese underworld, Liu says, were among the most fervent supporters of the Anti-Communist League.

The combination of hooligan intimidation, economic sanction (such as cancellation of the Min Ching's lease) and constant harassment from FBI and Immigration officers alerted by the KMT proved too much for the left-of-center groups. For 15 years there was no public expression of anti-Chiang sentiment in Chinatown. Only in the past two years has an openly pro-Mao newspaper, the Chinese Voice, been able to attract a substantial following in the community.

The KMT/CBA group has put together several impressive victories in recent years in its struggle to keep Chinatown under firm control. True to its mercantile interests, it has subdued all attempts to raise wage levels in the community.

In 1967, it fought off an AFL-CIO effort to unionize Chinatown restaurant workers earning \$180 per month (excluding tips) for a 60 to 70 hour work week. In 1969 it ground to a halt the bitter ILGWU battle to unionize 3,000 Chinatown seamstresses earning an average of less than \$1 per hour. It's now mobilizing to combat the Teamsters, who in early 1972 grimly announced yet another attempt to unionize Chinatown.

In 1965, when the Federal anti-poverty program tried to make inroads into Chinatown, it was rebuffed by the KMT/CBA. Suburban-bred Chinese social workers who staffed the program were branded as "Communists" in the influential Chinese-language newspapers controlled by the CBA.

When it gradually became clear the anti-poverty program had the economic backing to persist in Chinatown and threaten CBA/KMT power, the CBA launched a fierce campaign to seize control. It called for a community forum, the third in its 100-year history, and Foo Hum, Taiwan-tea importer, charged that the liberal anti-poverty board was "not up to par." He asked for an addition of seats to the board "because we represent the poor."

While a reporter from the SF Chronicle caustically noted that the protesting contingent "looked like merchants in flannel suits," persistent CBA pressure finally forced the anti-poverty board to enlarge itself by seven seats. These were promptly filled with men from the KMT/CBA. This take-over successfully prevented the anti-poverty board from making headway in the community.

In 1969, an independent evaluation of the Chinatown program commissioned by the Economic Opportunity Commission concluded: "The immediate phasing out of this program will not affect the community in any way except for the approximately 25 staff members who will be unemployed."

Again, sensing a threat to its power in integrated school busing, the CBA/KMT began its campaign early, in 1967. Newspapers like the KMT mouthpiece, Young China Daily, began producing a steady flow of anti-busing editorials designed to stir up Chinese families—and play on their fears that exposing their children to non-Chinese values of aggressiveness, independence and individual responsibility would contradict the Chinese value of absolute obedience and erode Chinese families.

When the federal court ordered busing to proceed in 1971, the KMT offered its building as a "freedom school" and sponsored a benefit performance at the Sun Sing theatre for the boycott. The group of Chinese parents that chased Thomas Shaheen, SF Unified School District Superintendent, out of a Chinatown busing meeting has its headquarters in an office provided by the CBA. The effectiveness of the boycott has waned in recent months, but about 25% of the city's Chinese students are still absent from city classes.

Continued next page



Meanwhile, back in Chinatown . . .

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But the successful busing boycott may be the first in a diminishing series of last gasps from the KMT/CBA establishment. While Chiang's men have been busily shoring up their bastion in Chinatown, the historical balance is swinging in another direction. Disillusionment with the tragic results of America's Asia policy has shattered the simplistic anti-communist world view projected two decades ago by Chiang's China lobby.

The banishing of Taiwan from its permanent seat in the U.N.'s Security Council last fall, followed just six months later by the Nixon/Chou communique announcing the eventual withdrawal of all American military forces from the island, signaled the end of the Chiang regime's 20-year role as a world power.

Even in Chinatown itself, evidence is abundant that the KMT/CBA grip is weakening. Large numbers of second-generation Chinese have escaped establishment control by learning English and finding jobs outside Chinatown. Thousands of recent immigrants feel little loyalty to the family associations, which can provide neither housing nor jobs.

Movements for social justice and equality spawned by the black struggle of the 1960s have produced dozens of new groups openly opposed to the establishment—a development unimaginable only a few years ago.

With the convergence of these forces, Chinatown's KMT/CBA is caught in a death vise. Yet Chiang's loyal followers have no choice but to stand by the Republic of China until it falls. The words of Chiang's Outer Consul in San Francisco, Kenneth Shih, show that the inner circle of leaders is acutely aware of this bind.

"The situation of the Republic of China is worse than before," Shih told the Guardian. "We need more support than ever before." Without it, they too would collapse.

... Officially San Francisco services Chinatown myths, not the Chinatown poor

By Carol Kroot

The way to help Chinatown's poor, official San Francisco says, is to stop Chinese immigrants from entering the country.

A better first step would be for San Francisco to stop officially servicing Chinatown myths and start servicing Chinatown poor.

A Feb. 22, 1972 S.F. Examiner editorial titled "Family Problems in Chinatown" trots out most of the reigning myths and arrives at a conclusion that would do credit to an 1870s blast against the Yellow Peril:

"Chinatown is the focal point for immigrants from Hong Kong and Taiwan," says the Examiner.

Untrue. San Francisco gets 15% to 20% of the newcomers, but the largest single group settles in New York.

"They arrive with all the impediments of the poor immigrants. . ."

Untrue. The immigrants are not "poor," but many become poor after they arrive here. Studies show they are literate, skilled and urbane. They come mostly from the Chinese middle and lower middle classes; only 20% worked in services (waiting tables, busing dishes) in Hong Kong while 43% held professional, technical or related jobs.

But when they arrive in San Francisco, they find that most local employers reject Chinese job skills and qualifications. "We

had two men with civil engineering degrees and experience," Isabelle Huir of the Chinatown-North Beach English Language Center told the Guardian. "I went to Bechtel and PG&E, but they wouldn't recognize foreign degrees. Now one is working in a laundry, the other is a deskman at a bowling alley."

These men did no better than most. Around 54% of the male Chinese immigrants since 1965 are now waiting tables and busing dishes in Chinatown restaurants.

"(The immigrants) arrive," continues the Examiner editorial, "often . . . with several members of the family suffering from tuberculosis or the threat of it."

Untrue. Immigrants are tested for T.B. before they're permitted to enter the U.S. If they have it, they don't get in.

(As for immigrants suffering from the "threat" of T.B., so do all people, including Examiner editors.)

"Red China," the Examiner says, "is a potentially inexhaustible source [of new refugee immigrants]."

This is Yellow Peril in full bloom. The Examiner's recommendation for how to solve "family problems in Chinatown" follows ineluctably: the paper calls for a return to "a sharply constricted flow of immigrants." It was this kind of policy which separated Chinese families for decades. Present less restrictive policies at last allow them to reunite, some after 40 years.

One myth the Examiner editorial touches upon only obliquely in its title has it that Chinatown takes care of its own ("family problems"). While it's true that the Chinatown establishment at one time served as a social welfare institution for Chinese immigrants, by the 1960s it had apparently lost interest in helping needy immigrants.

Six Companies does run a federally-funded school for training Chinese chefs, but the program doesn't teach English and its handful of students are trained to

work only in Chinese restaurants.

Asked why the federal government is funding this program (with \$140,000 in matching funds, so far), Arnold H. Leibowitz of the U.S. Dept. of Commerce explained: "The restaurant industry has been a mainstay of Chinese-Americans for decades."

As victim of a century of Yellow Peril myths (aside from an occasional Chinese Chef grant), Chinatown receives little help from government sources.

The Economic Opportunity Council (EOC), which has designated Chinatown as an anti-poverty target area, offers little help for aliens here: "The central EOC office," one Chinatown social service administrator explained, "doesn't realize that we don't have the same needs as the Western Addition."

State and local agencies do no better. The SF Department of Social Services has not filled its position for a Chinese liaison in over a year. Positions for liaisons to other communities are all filled.

"No-one selects Chinatown as a first priority," said a Chinatown leader. "The blacks get first consideration, then the Chicanos. They say to us, 'What do you need from what's left?'"

Jim Paul of the City Planning Department told the Guardian he thinks federal and local governments still believe the myth that the Chinese can take care of themselves. But he added that, when government anti-poverty money was plentiful in the mid 1960s, the Chinese didn't pound on city hall's doors the way other minority groups did. Consequently, Paul says, the city didn't lobby very actively for the Chinese at the federal level.

The Chinese have stayed away from the Mayor's door because, traditionally, they don't trust government help. Years of racist policies ghettoized them and forced them to develop their own legal, social, political and economic structures. The inability of these structures to meet modern needs hasn't restored their faith in "outside" agencies.

This explains, in part, why so few of the Chinatown poor receive welfare. At least 40% of Chinatown's population is legally poor, but only an estimated 5% get welfare.

Many recent immigrants fear losing their immigrant status if they go on welfare. In fact, they have a legal right to public assistance, but when an alien applies for citizenship, immigration officers check with the Department of Social Services. Receiving welfare doesn't hurt unless the person has other problems, such as an arrest record, but the alien usually doesn't realize this.

Other Chinese aren't eligible for welfare because, though a family's income is below the poverty level, at least one parent works full time.

Small grass-roots organizations are about the only ones to take up the cause of Chinese immigrants. The Chinese Newcomer Service is an example.


The Newcomer Service now tries to help the immigrant with his entire range of problems. Its bilingual aides accompany newcomers on their rounds of medical clinics, government agencies and schools. Since it can provide few direct services of

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Grant Street - Assemblage from photo by Michael Alexander



Meanwhile, back in Chinatown . . .

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its own, one basic program is referral assistance.

Grassroots organizations such as the Newcomer Service don't have access to funds from the Chinatown establishment, and government aid is sparse. So they usually depend on private foundations, which often only provide seed money on the faulty assumption that worthwhile services eventually become self-supporting.

The English Language Center, an invaluable job skills and language school for immigrants, has been unable to finance expansion plans to meet community demands. The foundations consider it established.

Foundations and local charity groups are sometimes accused of ignoring the Chinese community. Several Chinese social workers have called the United Bay Area Crusade (UBAC) "racist." "It's pretty obvious," one told us. "All you have to do is look at who makes the decisions."

Recently many foundations, and UBAC as well, have shown more interest in helping grassroots organizations. But foundation money is not the final answer. The problems are too large, complex and interrelated to be handled with fluctuating gifts from foundations which often cut off funds after only three years.

Restricting immigration is the hysterical solution the Examiner and most of official San Francisco supported back in the Chinese Exclusion Act days. It solved nothing then and there is no indication it would solve anything now. What is needed is strong government support for comprehensive programs. Without these, Chinatown's social services will remain inadequate.

. . . Six Companies dominate but for how long?

By Warren Breed

The Guardian asked Warren Breed, formerly a sociologist at Tulane University, to get an inside look at the Chinatown establishment. This piece summarizes his report.

Ask almost any Chinese-American, "Who runs Chinatown today?" He'll say in effect, "Six Companies—but they're losing influence."

At times in the past, Six Companies played a vital role for the entire Chinese community. This was especially true in the late 1800s when Six Companies shielded Chinese from racism, argued in the courts against legislative discrimination, coordinated social services and provided a system of school and courts for Chinese when American society failed to do so.

Today, most of these services are no longer needed by second and third generation Chinese, who comprise about a third of the city's 60,000 Chinese. The poor, the aged and the immigrants—the other two-thirds—do need some of these services, but they're being provided, when they're provided at all, by government agencies and grassroots organizations inside the community, not by Six Companies.

Six Companies (officially, the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association or CBA) is a unique organization crowning the traditional district and family associations. It's often thought to be a commercial import-export firm or an official Chinatown government, but it's neither. Its closest American equivalents are obsolete: Tammany Hall, the plantation "Big Daddy," the panjandrums of the company town.

Since appointment to the 55-man (no women) board of directors requires many years of service, most CBA officials are quite old; only four or five are under 60. Most were educated in China and do not speak English fluently. Owing to restrictive naturalization laws, many are not citizens and cannot vote. Most directors are successful merchants within the ghetto, but their younger critics whisper that they would do poorly outside Chinatown. Their stake in keeping Chinatown as it was, isolated and beholden to their dictates, is large.

Evidence that Six Companies is losing power, and will continue to lose it, comes from three sources within Chinatown: (1) a major upswing in numbers of Chinese voters; (2) a new population profile as shown in the 1970 census; and (3) the rise of several new, hard-hitting organizations challenging the establishment.

For the century during which most Chinese could not vote, City Hall and Six Companies shared a cozy back-scratching symbiosis. Those few who could vote were seen as a bloc deliverable by Six Companies, and therefore City Hall did not deal with the Chinese people but with Six Companies.

Chinatown policy, set by Six Companies, was arrived at in secret, accountable

to nobody and representative mostly of the business interests of the CBA and its allies.

Recently, however, voting has skyrocketed in Chinatown, and there is no longer the traditional bloc vote. The change is described by Jack Morrison, who first ran for supervisor in 1959. "I remember we counted about 7,000 Chinese names on the registration rolls that year. But in 1969 we sent out 14,000 mailing pieces to people with Chinese names. Now, two years later, I hear there are 17,000 Chinese registered to vote." The total could exceed 20,000 by November, 1972.

Key precinct returns from the Nov., 1971, municipal election illustrate the new voting trends. Numbers of voters broke all records for the area and showed more scope of choice than before. In the five "core ghetto" precincts, Mayor Alioto, backed by Six Companies, won with 462 votes, and Dianne Feinstein trailed Harold Dobbs, 345 to 241. However, five precincts in the more residential blocks toward Leavenworth (about 80% Chinese) gave Feinstein a 424-351 edge over the Mayor. For supervisor, Quentin Kopp who fiercely opposed busing and came in second in the ghetto precincts, could do no better than fifth in the more residential Chinese neighborhoods.

Census figures for 1970 show changes that must be equally disturbing for Six Companies officials. Chinese now officially number 58,696 in San Francisco, about 8% of the city's population and a gain of 61% since 1960. The core ghetto area is more crowded than ever—but the push continues to the North and West, away from the ghetto and Six Companies control.

The migration pattern is to get a job, save money, learn English, get a new job and flee the rats and roaches (and CBA oligarchs) for a house or bigger apartment in the Russian Hill area or further out in the Richmond. About 20,000 Chinese have made it so far.

The largest gains in age groups fall in the 15-29 and over-65 brackets. This means there are more older people seeking security and more young people looking for jobs, neither of which Six Companies can provide in significant amounts. It also means more English-speaking Chinese college graduates who often either leave Chinatown or work against the CBA to improve conditions there.

The current sex ratio also portends change. Whereas males once lopsidedly outnumbered females, the ratio today approaches parity. This implies more emphasis on family, less allegiance to the clan of

the past.

As a consequence of changes like these, along with Chiang's deteriorating international position and national developments (the civil rights struggle), Chinatown fairly bursts with new groups challenging traditional CBA control. Among the most significant:

Chinese-American Democratic Club—young leaders, broke with Mayor Alioto.

Chinatown-North Beach District Council—professional people with technical skills, doing studies and planning in education, manpower, health, voting.

Chinese for Affirmative Action—seeks more jobs for Chinese.

Concerned Chinese for Action and Change—business and professional people, helping garment workers.

Chinese-Americans for Citizens Participation—voter registration.

Telesis—parents who set up new school after busing boycott, independent of "established business cliques."


All of these are adult groups working "within the system." In addition there are many student groups ranging from middle-of-the-road to radical left, and social agencies such as the famed Cameron House, Salvation Army, PAL, YMCA and YWCA and other church groups. All are taking on Six Companies.

None of this, however, means Six Companies is dead. The CBA owns at least \$35 million worth of property in the core area and controls most of the jobs there. Its close link with Chiang's government in Taiwan enhances its economic power and increases its prestige with the many older Chinese still loyal to Chiang.

Perhaps most important, however, as Chiang's power slips and government anti-poverty agencies make inroads among the poor, is Six Companies domination of the Chinatown underworld.

The Chinatown underworld is largely a creation of 100 years of discrimination against Chinese immigrants. As America segregated Chinese away from the larger community and its opportunities, politics in Chinatown came to mean in-fighting and alliance-building inside Chinatown—rather than payoffs in the larger spheres of city, state and nation. Reward the faithful, punish those who would usurp your place, ignore the rest.

Various punishments are possible for the dissenter from establishment dictates. You don't get the lease for a new business; your tenancy in shop or apartment is terminated; you are blacklisted as an em-

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san francisco opposition

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WHAT IS IT? An all volunteer organization dedicated to preservation of the urban environment and sanity in urban and regional planning.

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WHAT IS THE OPPOSITION DOING NOW?

Following is a brief outline of the contents of the three initiative petitions which San Francisco Opposition volunteers will circulate between February 23 and March 23, 1972.

- I An Initiative Petition to Limit the Height of Buildings in San Francisco.** This petition would limit the height of new buildings to 160 feet in the "C-3," or downtown area, and to 40 feet in the remainder of the City. The ordinance would not disturb existing height limits lower than the above limits. Height limits could not be altered, if the initiative passes, except by another referendum.
- II An Initiative Petition to Amend the City Charter to Create Eleven Supervisorial Districts for the Purpose of Electing Supervisors by District.** This petition would establish eleven districts (maps are available at the office) to provide equal representation for equal numbers of people through a district supervisor. At present all supervisors run "at-large."
- III An Initiative Petition to Institute Public Financing of Political Campaigns.** This petition would establish a publicly financed fund, not to exceed one-tenth of one percent of the annual city budget, as the sole source of campaign financing for candidates for public office and proponents/opponents of ballot propositions. Private campaign contributions, with the exception of voluntary personal services, would be prohibited. The method of disbursements from the public fund would be determined by the Board of Supervisors after public hearings.

Please call our office if you have any questions about the content, purpose or effect of these initiatives.

Thank you,
ALVIN DUSKIN

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Meanwhile, back in Chinatown . . .



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ploye; you are called a Communist; you are ousted from a Six Companies press conference; if you are running a newspaper, your advertisers are told to stop placing ads in your paper. And for the thousands who entered the country without proper papers, support the establishment—you are told—or watch out.

To illustrate: when Bruce Jang, a Chinatown businessman, sought to trade with Red China, the CBA/KMT suspended for one year Jang's license to import the popular Taiwan black mushrooms.

When banker J.K. Choy spoke out against the bus boycott last fall, the Chinatown establishment organized a noisy protest outside Choy's bank. Some protestors withdrew their savings from the bank (recalling another "run on the bank" in 1966 when Choy accused the establishment of manipulating the anti-poverty program in Chinatown). Choy was forced to publicly recant his position on busing.

Six Companies is also said to run the extensive gambling in the Chinatown underworld. Since these games (mah jongg, pai gow, others) continue ancient cultural traditions and are subject to elaborate security measures, internal control is remarkably strong. An outsider has no way to measure the Six Companies take, but it is probably immense.

. . . The inscrutable Chinese Cultural Center — It's a Holiday Inn

By Mike Miller

For the six years it was under negotiation and construction, the massive 27-story structure dwarfing Portsmouth Square in Chinatown was billed "The Chinese Cultural and Trade Center." But last year when the building opened, the name and all official pretense that the building would serve the Chinese community vanished.

It became the "Downtown Holiday Inn." You can find it in the yellow pages under hotels.

The Cultural Center? That remains only a dream. It's been more than a year now since the hotel opened, and locked doors still block the entrance to the third floor, which developers promised to reserve for the Center (that's one floor of 27, remember). Behind those locked doors lies an undeveloped wasteland of huge bare columns, unplastered walls, exposed wires and pipes and a few dusty crates. It's unlikely the old Chinese men playing Chinese chess in the teeming square across the street will be able to move their game inside the center for a long time to come.

The development's behind the Downtown Holiday Inn won't surprise anyone in Chinatown. Over the past century, the Chinese have grown accustomed to watching the city distort their culture and ideas into caricatures. In this case, the idea for a cultural center hotel development was Chinese, but after the idea, non-Chinese dominated the project. A mostly white Board of Supervisors instructed a mostly white Redevelopment Agency to administer a project to be built for mostly white tourists. Almost all the financial investment came from outside Chinatown.

The story begins in January, 1962, with the completion of San Francisco's new Hall of Justice on Bryant Street. This left city officials with a valuable white elephant—the original Hall of Justice, a magnificent, oak-paneled, 60-year-old building. But the building was deemed too ungainly for efficient modern use and too small for the valuable piece of property on which it stood, in the heart of Chinatown—only a few blocks from the burgeoning financial district.

When the city appeared ready, in 1964, to sell the property to Howard Johnson for a 21-story auto-court, J.K. Choy, a liberal Chinese banker, suggested the site be used for a different kind of hotel development encompassing a cultural center to serve the badly overcrowded and underserved Chinatown area. The Supervisors liked the idea and appointed the Redevelopment Agency as the city's agent. With one exception, Choy's idea was the beginning and end of significant Chinese participation in the project.

Of five bidders, Redevelopment tentatively accepted two who met the Supervisors' criteria of sound financing and design. Both withdrew, however, when their financial backing evaporated. Then one bidder whose plan had been rejected, Jus-

tice Enterprises, joined forces with Clement Chen, a Chinese architect whose plan had been withdrawn because of inadequate financing.

With considerable help from John Carl Warnecke and Associates, Chen redrew his design for Justice, shrinking it from more than 40 stories to 27 and adding the 20,000 square foot Cultural Center. Chen put in the plan a large bridge over Kearny Street that satisfied the late Redevelopment Executive Director Justin Herman's widely publicized "dream" of a tourist walkway connecting Chinatown's Grant Avenue with Redevelopment's huge Golden Gateway project.

Over the entire plan Chen and Warnecke molded an architectural veneer that supposedly combines the best of Eastern and Western traditions, but appears to consist mainly of out-of-scale concrete arches and a few Chinese lanterns on the bridge. (Chen has since designed hotels for Holiday Inns around the world, including two in Cambodia.)

It was a make-up job calculated to please Redevelopment's heart, which had grown anxious as the months passed with no potent developer in sight. But what really set the Agency aflutter was the Chen/Justice announcement that they had signed a guaranteed lessor for the hotel (Holiday Inns)—something none of the other bidders had been able to produce. Redevelopment's process of selection had turned into a process of attrition, but never mind: the marriage was made.

This is the official story of how the Downtown Holiday Inn grew in Chinatown. Behind it lies a more complicated tale of high-level wheeling and dealing that suggests new heights of real estate skulduggery. Here are the members of the group that controlled the hotel project from beginning to end:

1. Western Business Fund. This Small Business Investment Company (SBIC), founded in 1959 and licensed by the Small Business Administration (SBA), is headed by Harold Moose, the man who co-ordinated the financial side of the hotel proposal. Western, like all SBICs, functions like an investment bank, loaning money, some borrowed from the SBA, some raised from outside sources, to small businesses. The SBA refuses to say whether Western used public funds in financing the \$14 million small business that built and runs the hotel.

Furthermore, most of Western's investments are in real estate, a tricky business for an SBIC because of the involvement of public funds in real estate speculation. Western, although exempt from the 1968 regulation requiring SBICs to limit real estate investment to 50% of its total portfolio, nonetheless finds the SBA closely watching its movements. This surveillance probably accounts for Western's recent decision to form a holding company, Western Growth Fund, which, according to corporation papers, "will make investments and loans which cannot be lawfully made by a Small Business Investment Company." (Western Growth Fund is currently negotiating with Redevelopment to erect an office building on a Yerba Buena site containing three hotels that local residents want to rehabilitate for desperately needed low income housing.)

2. Justice Enterprises. Harold Moose and a few friends, using Western Business Fund as their financier, created Justice Enterprises in 1965 for the specific purpose of bidding for the Chinatown hotel project. When Redevelopment rejected Justice's original bid, a corporate reshuffle permitted Clement Chen to buy 40% of the stock, with Western retaining the controlling interest of 60%.

Moose, Chen and Alexander D. Calhoun (to whom Chen sold half his stock) headed the Justice Board in 1967 along with Sidney Rudy (law firm of Rudy, Rapoport and White: handling legal business for Western), George Fong (accountant, Fong and Tong: auditor for a client of Rudy's), Palmer York, Jr., (president, York Securities: a stockbrokerage firm for which Harold Moose worked as a division manager), Robert W. Cahill (president, Cahill Construction: his firm would build the hotel) and Charles Evans (Evans Auto and Truck Rental: he would help manage the hotel's garage concession).

3. Evon Garage. Western Business Fund created Evon in 1967 to operate the garage concession. (The Evon preferred stock certificate with the California Dept. of Corporations is a Western stock certificate with "Western" struck through and "Evon" typed in.) Among the familiar names on the Evon board were those of Moose, Evans and Richard N. Rapoport (Rudy's law partner). A powerful newcomer was Sol E. Onorato, owner and manager of several downtown garages. (The city several weeks ago awarded Onorato full rights to Candlestick's parking concession, without bothering with competitive bids.) Western

. . . A chronology of the Yellow Peril

Compiled by Carol Kroot

- 1848—54 Chinese live in California.
- 1850—Calif. Legislature discourages Chinese gold prospecting by taxing "foreign" (read: Chinese) miners up to \$20 per month. Law declared unconstitutional in 1870.
- 1852—American miners begin confiscating large numbers of Chinese mines and evicting Chinese from mining areas.
- 1853—Almost 40,000 Chinese, mostly gold prospectors, now live in California.
- 1855—Calif. Legislature taxes shippers \$50 for each Chinese person they bring into the state. Declared unconstitutional in 1857.
- 1858—Calif. Legislature passes law forbidding Chinese immigration. Later declared unconstitutional.
- 1860s—Railroad builders begin recruiting Chinese "coolies." Eventually, 80% of Central Pacific's workers are Chinese.
- 1862—Calif. Legislature passes head tax of \$2.50 per month for all Chinese 18 years or over, unless they work on production of sugar, coffee or tea or have paid the miner tax.
- 1866—Chinese children allowed to enter public schools for the first time—but only if white parents don't object.
- 1870s—Nation-wide recession causes West Coast labor problems. "Cheap Chinese labor" is made scapegoat in California. Anti-Chinese blasts in newspapers, legislature.
- 1870—Persons bringing an Asian into California without first proving he has "good character" are fined minimum of \$1,000. Declared unconstitutional in 1876.
- 1873—Chinese witnesses at last allowed in courts.
- 1873—SF Supervisors require laundries to pay license fee for each horse-drawn vehicle they use. Fee: \$4 per year for one vehicle, \$16 for two, \$60 for three or more—and \$60 for none. Most Chinese laundries have no horse-drawn vehicles.
- 1879—Calif. Legislature bars licensed corporations and state and local government from employing Chinese. Later declared unconstitutional.
- 1880—U.S. Congress amends Burlingame Treaty, which had encouraged
- free migration between U.S. and China. New version gives U.S. right to "regulate and suspend" Chinese immigration.
- 1882—As U.S. Congress debates a bill suspending Chinese immigration, Calif. Gov. George C. Perkins proclaims March 4 a legal holiday for anti-Chinese demonstrations. On May 6, Congress passes the Chinese Exclusion Act, suspending all immigration of Chinese for 10 years and prohibiting Chinese from becoming citizens.
- 1886—In "Yick Wo vs. Hopkins," U.S. Supreme Court strikes down statute requiring laundries in wooden buildings to be licensed because the law was being enforced only against Chinese.
- 1888—The Scott Act prohibits return of Chinese persons once they have left the U.S. On the day this law goes into effect an estimated 20,000 Chinese have temporarily left the U.S., including 600 in the process of returning. All are refused re-entry.
- 1904—U.S. Congress extends the Exclusion Act, this time indefinitely.
- 1924—The Immigration Act forbids admission of aliens who cannot become citizens. This effectively bars immigration of wives and children of American citizens of Chinese ancestry.
- 1943—U.S. Congress repeals Chinese Exclusion Acts, establishes quota of 105 Chinese immigrants per year and permits Chinese aliens to become citizens.
- 1948—Congress passes the first in a series of displaced persons and refugee laws.
- 1952—McCarran-Walter Act retains Chinese quota—105 per year.
- 1962—A Presidential Order permits Hong Kong refugees to enter the U.S. on probation. After two years of "good conduct" they can become resident aliens. Over 15,000 parolees arrive in next four years.
- 1965—Congress raises Chinese quota from 105 to 20,000 per year. Chinese relatives of American citizens are permitted to enter the country on a non-quota basis.

"A History of the Chinese in California, A Syllabus." Thomas W. Chinn, editor. H. Mark Lai and Philip P. Choy, associate editors. 17 Adler Place, San Francisco, Ca. 94102: Chinese Historical Society of America.

"Cases & Materials on Constitutional Law." 8th ed., Noel T. Dowling and Gerald Gunther, Mineola, New York: The Foundation Press, Inc., 1970.

"Chinatown U.S.A., A History & Guide." Calvin Lee. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., Inc.

Business Fund today remains the largest stockholder in Evon.

4. Portsmouth Square, Inc. York Securities created this corporation for the sole purpose of investing in the hotel, in which it holds a 67% interest. The directors and officers of Portsmouth and York were identical, with Palmer York holding down the presidency of both.

5. Justice Investors. To draw in more capital without losing control, the board of Justice Enterprises (Moose, Chen, et al.) created a limited partnership called Justice Investors. As the two general partners, the ones who made all business decisions, Justice Enterprises and Portsmouth Square (the largest single investor at \$2 million plus) controlled Justice Investors. In addition, 22 limited, or non-voting, partners bought into Justice Investors. All but three were already investors in Western Business Fund. Six were clients of Rudy, Rapoport and White.

A close reading of the Justice Investors corporation papers reveals that, while some of the partners won't profit from their venture until the hotel begins turning a profit (if it ever does), many are guaranteed a cut no matter what happens. It works this way:

- Justice Enterprises (that is, Western and Harold Moose) manages the business operation. Although Western did not invest in the limited partnership, it receives "10% of the profits for managerial services and for its original interest in real property."

- Cahill Construction, which invested \$300,000, deducts that amount from its final construction bill. Since Cahill received an open-ended construction contract without competitive bidding, it can be assumed its investment was highly profitable.

- Clement Chen receives his architect's fees.

- Rudy, Rapoport and White receive

legal fees.

- Western Business Fund receives managerial consultant fees.

- Evon, a limited partner, runs the garage.

- Fong and Tong, also limited partners, are the accountants. (Note: Fong and Tong are the two smallest investors in Justice Investors and also the only Chinese investors.)

Nor can Redevelopment or Justice say when the Cultural Center will open. Presently, Redevelopment is refereeing a wrangle between Justice and the Chinese Cultural Foundation, founded by Choy, over who will pay to remove two large supporting columns that block development of an auditorium in the third-floor room.

Justice originally agreed to provide \$70,000 for work on the Center, but now Justice wants the Foundation to pay it \$35,000 over and above the \$70,000 for removing the columns—a job that outside appraisers value at \$25,000. No agreement is in sight.

What is known is this: Couples pay \$40 per night to stay at the Holiday Inn. The single Chinese men playing chess in Portsmouth Square pay around \$40 per month for tiny, dismal rooms with no cooking facilities, no toilet and often no window.

And this: Chinese culture's closest approach to the Holiday Inn came on the day Justin Herman, Mayor Alioto and Kemmon Wilson, founder of Holiday Inns, dedicated the new structure. While a small group of demonstrators protested the hotel and demanded housing for Chinatown's poor, Alioto did the honors. He gave the signal and Miss Holiday Inns U.S.A. and Miss Holiday Inn Chinatown burst out of a seven-foot-tall fortune cookie.



Local consumer self-help

Where to get help when you really need it

By Jennifer Cross

Last summer a San Francisco woman, Mrs. Hazel Rogers, came to blows with the Ray and Clare Stern Health Spa in Stonestown Mall. She had signed up for an expensive 18-month course of treatment, but when her chronic back ailment (about which she had warned the Spa) flared up, she tried to be released from her contract.

It was like wrenching herself from the arms of an octopus. The Spa would not accept her own doctor's medical report, and insisted she fill out its own attending physician's report.

Mrs. Rogers' problem was not unusual, but what she did about it was something of a milestone in the checkered history of consumer protection. She did not gripe and pay. Nor did she bother to contact an established consumer protection agency.

Instead, Mrs. Rogers complained to San Francisco Consumer Action (SFCA), a group formed 10 months ago by some activists who believed that many consumer problems could be effectively solved by consumers themselves.

During the past two years, six other groups like SFCA have started up in the San Francisco Bay Area, the Peninsula and in Sacramento. Some were originally offshoots of the Association of California Consumers; all were the result of prolonged irritation at the flabbiness of the many agencies supposed to be helping consumers.

The smaller groups in San Mateo, Berkeley and El Cerrito are not able to offer more than elementary help—a sympathetic ear for dozens of discontented consumers, plus advice and encouragement for people willing to complain to the firm concerned and the appropriate government agency.

The bigger groups go further. They in-

vestigate grievances, prod overworked or timid government agencies into action and persuade or threaten the erring seller to mend his ways. They take cases which the Better Business Bureau and the State Dept. of Consumer Affairs would not touch with a ten-foot pole, nearly all in the huge grey area of unethical rather than illegal merchandising tactics.

Consumer self-help can pay off handsomely. Since last May SFCA has received some 450 complaints, investigated over 100 and resolved 75 to the consumers' satisfaction. The Sacramento Consumer Protection Service has handled 200, most of them successfully. Consumer United of Palo Alto has done even better: in two years it has received 1,250 complaints, successfully settled 1,180 and retrieved \$90,000 for local shoppers.

SFCA, lodged in an attic in International House (2209 Van Ness Ave.), is run by Kay Patchner, a young housewife whose muted blonde appearance only partially masks a keen brain, a sharp tongue, great energy and a tremendous sense of personal involvement. Working with her is a grievance committee of four students, two union women, a teacher and a social worker.

Like all the groups, SFCA gets unofficial legal advice from a few attorney members. Members also belong to a group legal service, entitling each of them to one hour a year's free consultation with Kayne & Rogers, plus reduced legal fees.

About 5% of the callers are, in Kay's words, "professional bitches or outright liars." Half the others can be helped over the phone; some merely want to get it off their chests and don't call back. Others can solve their own problems with a little encouragement.

SFCA tells them their legal rights (if any), which government agencies can help

them (if any) and urges them to hammer away at the firm concerned until they get satisfaction.

People with more complex problems are invited to write in with their side of the story, send photostats of all letters and documents and sign a form authorizing SFCA to act on their behalf.

When SFCA and the other groups are convinced the complaint is justified, they take up the cudgels for the consumer. First step is a (mild) form letter of complaint, coupled with a request for the company's point of view. This brings a response a few days later in about 50% of the cases.

If the complaint is not settled and the firm's story is weak, SFCA sends a sterner letter, with copies to the appropriate government agencies, often threatening legal action. If this fails, one or two members of the grievance committee descend on the company president or sales manager for a friendly discussion, when they will appeal, plead, threaten, cajole or use any kind of psychological warfare to try to get the case settled without coming to court.

Expertise also gets results. All the groups investigate cases carefully and have access to legal advice. Palo Alto, for example, has a heavyweight grievance committee: besides Ingham, a research analyst, it includes an insurance specialist, two automotive engineers, a physicist and a textile chemist. "A couple of us are 6½ ft. and 220 lbs.," chuckled Ingham, "and we do get listened to, especially when we have a technical background."

In San Francisco, the Ray and Clare Stern Health Spa listened when SFCA intervened on behalf of Mrs. Rogers, and eventually rescinded her contract. SFCA has had other resounding successes, involving:

- Optometrist Dr. Howard Rose, who cancelled a balance of \$124.96 for contact lenses which didn't fit;

- Abbey Carpet Co., which shorted a customer's order but, under pressure, came up with the correct amount of carpeting;

- Levitz furniture, whose brimming warehouse could not deliver an order placed last October in time for Christmas, but was persuaded to lend the customer a showroom sample;

- Blue Cross, which until pressed, would not pay the surgical bills for what it claimed was a pre-existing condition;

- United TV-Magnavox, which even-

tually repaired a malfunctioning \$1,100 home entertainment center. Despite these successes, consumer advocacy is often extremely frustrating. All group members work as unpaid volunteers, and shoestring budgets do not even run to office space unless an "angel" will supply it rent-free. Subscriptions, the main source of revenue, are typically only four dollars. No one is ever asked to join a group as a pre-condition of help, though most people eventually give something.

Public apathy is also disappointing. Kay Patchner commented bitterly: "People seem to care only as long as it affects them. There is a lot of outrage but little commitment." Out of SFCA's 160 paid-up membership, only 20 are really active.

Little or no support is forthcoming from most official consumer protection agencies. All the groups agree that the only one which effectively and regularly gets consumers' money back is the California State Bureau of Repair Services, with jurisdiction over TV and electronic repairs.

A few groups have also had some help from the FTC, the Department of Weights & Measures (Palo Alto) and the District Attorneys in Santa Clara and San Mateo. Other agencies, particularly the Department of Consumer Affairs and the BBB, rate a big fat zero.

Sooner or later, all the groups run up against firms which refuse to play ball, leaving them the choice of suing or picketing. The San Francisco, Diablo Valley, Palo Alto and Sacramento groups will all go with complainants as friends of the court. A handful of cases involving \$500 or less have gone to Small Claims Courts, half the time successfully. Very occasionally the San Francisco and Sacramento groups have picketed, though with poor results.


A prime test of strength now pits SFCA against British Motor Corporation in the case of a woman who bought a \$2,300 used Jaguar that never operated properly and broke down shortly after the 30-day warranty had expired.

BMC estimated repair costs would be \$800 on what an independent mechanic called a "piece of junk." After some fruitless correspondence (copies of which went to the Department of Motor Vehicles),

Continued next page



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Continued from previous page

Kay and another SFCA member went to see the manager of BMC.

"He treated us like we were odious little piles of shit," said Kay, and he referred them to BMC's attorney, criminal lawyer Nathan Cohn. Unable to speak to Cohn personally, they talked with another member of his firm, who fobbed them off with such gems as "anyone who buys a used Jaguar is crazy," "Cohn's office has never lost a case on behalf of BMC," and "ethics have nothing to do with the legal system in this country." Fed up to the gills, SFCA finally picketed BMC on Jan. 22.

BMC fought back, and fought dirty. The same day it clapped an injunction on the group, enjoining them from picketing, plus a \$6 million lawsuit for libel, slander and extortion. A week later, San Francisco Superior Court Judge Rolph heard BMC's request for a restraining order, and granted it on the incredible grounds that SFCA pickets could be misconstrued as union pickets.

Behind the scenes, BMC also threatened one of SFCA's pickets, Deputy State Attorney General Neil Gendel, by calling the A.G.'s office and claiming he gave the group legal advice and implying he had a conflict of interest. Partly as a result of this complaint, he is now being investigated by his department.

SFCA has decided to challenge the restraining order by picketing BMC again, even if members go to jail, to defend their constitutional rights under the First Amendment. They will also fight the lawsuit, with help from ACLU and other volunteer attorneys. On the suit's outcome may depend the future of consumer self-help in San Francisco.

WHERE TO GO FOR HELP

San Francisco
San Francisco Consumer Action, 2290 Van Ness
Telephone hot line: 776-8400 (Mon.-Fri. 10-2)
Contact: Kay Patchner
Subscription: \$4 a year
Membership: 160
Services: advice and advocacy. Sporadic newsletter. Meetings: 2nd Wed. of the month, 8 p.m., SFCA office. Group legal service.

Berkeley
Berkeley Consumer Action Alliance: c/o 1704 Walnut
Contact: Bruce Miller

Services: This group is new and only just getting organized. It plans to offer advice and advocacy. Meetings: each Wed. 8 p.m. at the Shattuck Avenue Co-op meeting room.

Alameda Co.
Alameda Co. Consumer Action, 21455 Birch, Hayward

Telephone hot line: 886-2870

Contact: Judy Garcia

Services: advice and advocacy.

Contra Costa

Consumer Action of West Contra Costa:

P.O. Box 656, El Cerrito

Contact: Nikki Barch, 526-7759

(This group will re-organize following a meeting planned for March)

Diablo Valley

Diablo Valley Consumer Action, c/o S.

Main Co-op, 1295 S. Main, Walnut Creek

Telephone hot line: from April 1, 937-

6673 (Mon. - Fri. 9 - 11:30 and 1 - 3)

Meanwhile, and after hours: 686-0484 or 939-3572.

Contact: Linda Akulian

Subscription: \$4

Membership: 25

Services: advice and advocacy. Meetings: each Friday morning at different homes. Future plans: investigations into hazardous toys, landlord-tenant relations, referral services (TV, appliance and car repair dealers.)

Peninsula

Consumers United of Palo Alto, P.O. Box

311, Palo Alto

Telephone hot line: 327-8431 (Mon. - Fri.

10-4)

Contact: I.N. Ingham

Subscription: \$4

Membership: 155

Services: advice and advocacy. Monthly newsletter. Monthly seminars (second Monday) at 1st Congregational Church, Lewis/Embarcadero, Palo Alto, 8 p.m. Advice on car buying and repair.

Sacramento

Sacramento Consumer Protection Service,

3720 Folsom Blvd.

Telephone hot line: (916) 451-2815 (Mon.

- Fri. 8-4)

Contact: Lisa Spear

Subscription: \$4

Membership: 300

Services: advice and advocacy. Monthly newsletter.

San Mateo

San Mateo Co. Consumer Action: P.O. Box

714, San Bruno

Telephone hot line: 873-6300

Contact: Rich Meagher

Subscription: asks for donation

Membership: 10

Services: advice



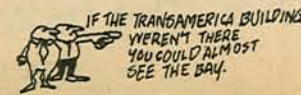
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EDITORIALS

Our DA and white collar crime

Why isn't the San Francisco District Attorney's office prosecuting short weight violators like the DA in Riverside and Los Angeles? (See "Short weighting in the supermarket," p. 1)

Why can Contra Costa residents count on aggressive action from their DA when they complain about defective auto pollution devices, while the only recourse for San Franciscans is to go to volunteer consumer action groups with no official clout?

Why does Sacramento's DA file 41 cases against businesses for consumer fraud in a single year, winning judgments of \$450,000, while the San Francisco DA, with a much larger staff and resources, files 20 or so pending cases and gets only negligible judgments?

Why can Consumer United, a citizen's group in Palo Alto, depend on quick cooperation from the Santa Clara DA when consumer prosecution is in order, while San Francisco's equivalent group, San Francisco Consumer Action, has despaired of sending copies of complaints to the local DA because it has no hope of getting action?

Why, when California has some of the strongest consumer protection laws in the country, must San Franciscans benefit from these laws only indirectly, when the State Attorney General or another county DA wins a statewide judgment against a big company?

The reason is because the San Francisco DA's office, unlike some DA offices elsewhere, isn't much interested in prosecuting white collar crime or in protecting the consumer against fraud and deception by the big companies and big business. There's also the little matter of priorities and allocation of resources: much of our DA's time and money is spent hounding porno movie operators, marijuana users, homosexuals and the like.

The result is that San Francisco consumers each year lose lots of money and they have little legal recourse against deceptive land investment come-ons, fraudulent used car dealers, illegal debt collection practices and similar types of white collar crimes.

California laws covering white collar crimes are broad and strong. First, the state Civil Code, section 3369: this prohibits "unlawful, untrue or fraudulent business practices and unfair, untrue or misleading advertising."

Second, the Business and Professional Code, section 17500: this makes it a crime for any company or employer to make "any statement... which is untrue or misleading... (and) which by the exercise of reasonable care should be known to be untrue or misleading..." There is no need to prove intent, or actual cases of fraud or deception—just that the defendant should reasonably have known a deception could occur.

"Most DAs have considered consumer problems a matter for civil remedy," says Gordon Bowley, Sacramento's deputy for consumer fraud. "They say the consumer should sue to recover damages. But that's ridiculous, nobody can afford to hire an attorney to get these judgments. There is no other remedy except for the District Attorney or Attorney General to deal with these companies that are defrauding people."

A man like Bowley can make all the difference to local consumers. His unit was founded just 2½ years ago, and business is booming. Consumer complaints in the last quarter of 1971 were up to 70% over the first quarter.

"And our complaints usually result in adjustment, providing a tremendous service to the consumer," he adds. "We are consumer advocates in the sense that we speak in favor of consumer protection laws around the state, and get into consumer education—speaking to groups, sending out pamphlets, etc."

Bowley's remarks contrast sharply with those of Julian Rhine, head of the DA's Business Investigation section in San Francisco. Consumer protection, Rhine says, "takes a lot of manpower. I just don't have enough people to do a good job... My basic concern is to protect the consumer; if we can accomplish something just through letters to businesses, I think that's fine."

Rhine's talk about low manpower and short funds is pretty flimsy when you examine Sacramento's operation. "The beauty of this unit," Bowley reports, "is that we're self-supporting—while providing services that few other counties give." In fact, some consumer fraud divisions are able to bring in enough fines to pay for their own budgets each year, and turn a good profit besides.

In 1971, still operating with a small staff, Bowley's unit won judgments of \$450,000, of which \$110,000 has already been collected. Set this against its annual budget of approximately \$65,000 and you can see why SF Supervisors, and our taxpayers, should take notice.

Rhine of San Francisco argues that the dollar figures are misleading because "it may take three years to get your money from a company through a trial." Rhine simply doesn't know the ropes. The Sacramento unit, for example, has never had to take a company to court to win damages; the cases all have been stipulated without trial. The judgments are there, like ripe apples ready for the picking.

More than just money is involved, of course. "The most important thing," says Bowley, "is that the people in Sacramento County have some place to go to file complaints. We hear their complaints and act on them." Sam Mesnick, of the Contra Costa DA's Special Operations Group, agrees: "More important than the money is how well the fraud unit is going after the big cases."

Mesnick knows about big cases. In conjunction with the Attorney General, he is going after Boise-Cascade for alleged deception in its land investment schemes. Likewise, the DA's office in Contra Costa County, without a single complaint, initiated on its own a case against a firm which had used deceptive "free vacation" ads to lure customers for a land sale pitch. After prosecution, the firm repaid \$10 apiece to 700 bilked customers, paid

\$1,400 into the Contra Costa treasury, then quietly went out of business.

Deputy Atty. Gen. Neil Gendel calls consumer protection cases "the only thing in the district attorney's office where they actually do something that helps people."

Says Rhine of San Francisco, "We get into the area of asking, 'should this be police work, from the police perspective, you've got crime rampant on the streets—so what do you want: to stop crime in the streets or to get a refund for someone?'"

Other counties have been able to do both, but in San Francisco the "priorities" are stacked against the consumer all the way.



Drawing: Louis Dunn

Smear the sheriff — The new journalism contest in town

The ground rule: You can stomach for years an Irish sheriff with a "drinking problem" who allows the jails and his department to go to hell, but you can't stomach for more than a week a reform sheriff who tries to do something about it. So: give him both barrels.

A tip of the hat to Herb Caen and John Wasserman for saying a kind word about Hongisto at the height of his most squalid publicity. As Caen put it, he's getting a bum rap. Let's give the sheriff and his men a chance.

Profiles of courage

It's fitting that Stanford University, of all the country's schools, should be the one to fire a tenured professor for speeches that "incited to violence" on campus. For Stanford knows more about war and violence, through long and profitable association with the people who make their livings and their reputations by it, than almost any other educational institution.

It's quite clear that Franklin was kicked out, not because he "incited to violence," but because he incited people to think and question Stanford's philosophical/financial/corporate/Department of Defense underpinnings.

Stanford, after all, is an expert at "inciting to violence," standing as it does at the center of the Bay Area's own military industrial complex, the Stanford/Stanford Research Institute/Stanford Industrial Park nexus. This is the technological heart of the highly sophisticated U. S. electronics defense industry and war in Indochina.

The war footings of this triangle are enormous: in fiscal year 1969, Stanford held DOD grants totaling \$14,438,587, SRI had \$17,823,591 and 19 firms in SIP had \$76,801,000 in local contracts and \$3,648,311,000 in national contracts.

Stanford provides the technological cadre, the basic research (largely in its chemical, physics and electrical engineering labs) and the prestigious shield and cover of academia. Stanford professors in 20 departments today are hard at work on nearly 100 DOD contracts, with such interesting titles as "Weaponry—Lasers for Increased Damage Effectiveness."

SRI, a non-profit corporation founded and wholly owned by Stanford until two years ago when the war protests crested, is the applied research arm of the complex. (It's held contracts for such socially useful things as an anti-missile system, the "control and surveillance of friendly forces," anti-guerrilla surveillance, jungle communications, helicopter warfare, optimal bombing routes over North Vietnam and a secret survey of Naval mobility in the Mekong Delta in South Vietnam.) It was an SRI-developed nozzle for nerve gas that sprayed CS gas from a helicopter on the People's Park demonstrators and that, in 1967, malfunctioned and killed 6,000 insurgent sheep near Dugway, Utah.

SIP handles the commercial end of things. Its private firms, tenants on Stanford land and poachers of Stanford faculty, do the developing and the marketing. Many companies are "spin-off firms" from Stanford Research.

There's much more documentation and detail, but the point is clear: It is in this context, of Stanford's structural involvement in the research and technology of war and

violence, that the Franklin case must be considered.

Franklin was found guilty by a seven-professor Advisory Board on three charges. Significantly, the only charge involving acts on his part—the disruption of Henry Cabot Lodge's campus appearance in January, 1971—was unanimously tossed out by the Board.

It was tossed out for a simple reason: there was no convincing evidence, not a whit, to support this or any other charge of acts of violence or disruption by Franklin.

He had consciously been quite careful, in fact, to play within the University's rules. The Executive Committee of Venceremos—the radical group he works with—had made a policy decision that it would be valuable to the movement for Franklin to remain at Stanford as a professor. To this end, he often tempered his actions rather than risk official discipline.

The three charges Franklin was "convicted" of all involved speech: first, that a speech of his "incited" an occupation of the computer center; second, that his words interfered with a police dispersal order; and third, that a speech in which he talked of using "the methods of people's war" led to unspecified violent acts on campus.

No matter that Franklin himself committed no illegal or disruptive acts; no matter, in fact, that no causal relationship was ever shown between his words and subsequent events. Enough, said the Board, that he uttered these statements at a time when the campus was tense.

The Board's hearings were quite a show. To read the national press—all of the 52 nationwide editorials on file with the Stanford News Service laud the proceedings—you find that the very fact that the hearings took six weeks and produced a million-word transcript seems to be conclusive proof that justice was done.

But who was this justice done by? The vote was 5 to 2 against Franklin. Three of the five—Hamburg, the psychiatrist, Bach of the Business School and Dornbusch, the anti-war liberal sociologist—had been on the committee that helped choose Richard Lyman as Stanford's President in 1970. Lyman, who brought the charges against Franklin, was picked as a hard-line replacement for the more conciliatory Kenneth Pitzer. Lyman is generally acknowledged by the faculty to have been after Franklin's neck for years.

Panofsky, another of the five, is a special case by himself. He is highly-regarded as the liberal administrator of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center (SLAC), as the man who kept DOD research out of his unit. But he is also the man who helped smash a 220,000 volt overhead power line through the neighboring town of Woodside six years ago to feed his accelerator.

Stanford has insisted that it fired Franklin for alleged "incitements," not for his ideas. Indeed, Stanford's lawyers granted early on that Franklin, a nationally-recognized specialist in Herman Melville, is a respected scholar. Instead, they hit hard at his political speeches and drove home one basic and unsubstantiated assumption: that Bruce Franklin was just the right speaker at the right time, the catalyst who incited by his words an otherwise passive crowd to violent, frenzied action.

This assumption gives Franklin much more weight in the Stanford movement than he deserves. For example: movement sources report Franklin had not even favored occupation of the computer center, and only suggested it because there was already a consensus among the protestors—largely developed the night before—to go there first.

His other speech, in which references to "the methods of people's war" supposedly inflamed a lethargic crowd, was completely ambiguous. Persons in the audience interpreted it in widely varied ways, and nobody we could find considered it a stimulus to commit acts they would otherwise have rejected.

No, we find it hard to see any justification for Franklin's dismissal in the words he uttered last year on Feb. 10. And we find it particularly hard to swallow Stanford's righteous pronouncements about "continuing commitment to academic freedom at Stanford."

How do you protect academic freedom by firing a professor for some speeches he made? Why can't Stanford, with all its private wealth and public DOD contracts and revenue-producing ventures, tolerate just one loud professor? Is academic freedom really this fragile at Stanford? What are all the big professors scared of down there beneath the eucalyptus trees?

"They say my presence on the faculty threatens the entire existence of the University," Franklin scoffs. "What's the logic of that? If I had been a pyromaniac, they might have had a point. Of course, what they were worried about is what I say in class."

Stanford's rape of the Mid-Peninsula region, its involvement in war, its callous disregard for its neighboring communities and residents, even the people who work for businesses on Stanford land—there are lots of things Stanford doesn't want discussed by professors like Frank Franklin.

Take Stanford's land development practices, a rich source of local controversy for years. Stanford development has brought the Stanford/SIP/shopping-center complex and with it a critical housing shortage; up to now, Stanford's reaction was to develop a 700-unit luxury apartment complex on its land.

The real housing need, of course, is for low rent units. The University's own study, back in 1969, said the area shortage was 4,000 in low cost units, 70% of this attributable to Stanford-generated employment. This study has led only to another study, which concluded that even "600 units would meet only the most pressing demand" and that a proposed 25-acre "pilot project" would simply be "tokenism!"

The result? The university is building housing, on a bare 18 acres, which will have a meager 225 total units, only 45 of them for low income rental.

The point: Who is doing the real inciting to violence? H. Bruce Franklin with his speeches. Or Stanford University with its acts supporting war and violence and environmental damage and firing a tenured professor.

—Bill Ristow



Unpublished Picture Poem—Kenneth Patchen

Some last thoughts on Kenneth Patchen



In the spring of 1967, I wrote Kenneth Patchen and asked him to contribute to the Guardian. I had long been an admirer of his poetry and picture poems and I thought they would work well in a newspaper.

Back came a collection of splendid picture poems, superb stuff, and the Guardian began its long association with Patchen. He even granted the Guardian's Ivan Sharpe a personal interview, the first in years, simply because Ivan turned up at the Patchen house in Palo Alto, knocked on the door and asked if he could interview him.

The interview ran on May 19, 1967, the best we've ever published. We were planning to run Patchen's work each issue, as a "working journalist," but he died before we got started on our new publishing schedule.

At the Patchen benefit on Feb. 2, Jerry Kamstra several times broke up the solemnity of the proceedings and wounded some delicate sensibilities with tumultuous, Patchen-like roars.

Patchen, we felt, would approve; so we asked Jerry Kamstra to do the Guardian's last tribute to Patchen.

—BBB

The agony each of us lives through in our year to year life, and the ecstasy, is enunciated more fully perhaps in the poet, the seer and the prophet; he who with words forms the links between the tragedies, both major and minor, that so much of life is made of. Each of us has lived through despair, through joy, through all the emotions that are part of growing up and old.

Perhaps no other American poet reflected so much of this agony and ecstasy in both his everyday life and his poetry as Kenneth Patchen, who died a few weeks ago at 60. A big man, over six-feet tall and weighing more than 200 pounds, Patchen was struck down at 25 with a back injury that left him bedridden for most of his adult life. It is tragic when anyone is struck down, but it is especially tragic when a boisterous, rugged man, who fully loved the rough raw hustle of sports and outdoors, is struck down. It would be easy for one so stricken to descend into despair, anyone would understand, and despair Patchen did feel, though not for himself.

Throughout his life his poems and

prose have reflected the despair he saw in America, in a world constantly shattered by conflict, waste, lies, greed and brutal power. His poems reflected something else too, a profound dignity and warmth and humor. Above all they radiated a love for man. In a poem titled "What Is The Beautiful?" from "Cloth of the Tempest," Patchen says:

*I believe in the truth
I believe that every good thought I have
All men shall have.
I believe that what is best in me,
Shall be found in every man.
I believe that only the beautiful
Shall survive on the earth.
I believe that the perfect shape of
everything
Has been prepared;
And, that we do not fit our own
Is of little consequence.
Man beckons to man on this terrible
road.
Hundreds of years will pass before the
light
Shines over the world of men. . .
And I am blinded by its splendor.*

One of the more curious aspects of Patchen's career as a poet and writer was the almost total rejection of him by the establishment, that Neanderthal-like structure of professional poets and critics whose pronouncements determine the ways and waves of success, recognition, all the possible public triumphs of the poetic life. Patchen never got in favor. In fact, aside from the gifts of a few guilt-emancipating committees which occasionally convened to render homage and raise money for him in their own favorite ways, he never got much of anything except his pain and the secret joy of creating his own body of work—work which stands outside the mainstream, outside any stream of literature.

Over the years I have found that Patchen people recognize one another. All they need is the subtlest of hints, a chance to talk for a few minutes or a quick book-shelf glance. And it is always a delightful experience to realize after that discovery that, yes, here is another who knows.

The fact that Patchen died a relatively unrewarded, unheralded poet in America is not unsurprising. Even Palo Alto, where he lived the last 14 years of his life, and Stanford University, in whose shadow he died, failed to call on him, failed to pay any attention to the poet who, more than 20 years ago, was creating the ancestral chants and choruses that so many young undergraduates are echoing today—without realizing their source.

*—And O my girl turn your
naked breasts against my
chest and let my hands re-
lease their fever on your
thighs and belly and throat
O let my mouth suck the
dear breath out of your
lungs and let my hurting*

*need and hunger like a fire
of bulls pour themselves
clean into your soft waiting
flesh and let no sparrow
anywhere fall or any sad
guy get kicked into the
street O let the rain and the
snow and the bitter wind
beat in vain on the shacks
of the poor and keep that
beautiful goddam horn
blaring away right in the
face of all their filthy
governments.*

*I say let the love of a
few men for freedom and
brotherhood and whatever
the hell word you can think
of they haven't dribbled
their pious crap on grow
like a huge and beautiful
flower up over the bloody
counters of the world so
that all men can get a load
of it and let them keep
their lying mouths off peace
and equality and freedom
for all those swindling bas-
tards ever want is bigger
wars and more hatred and
to get their chains on the
souls and bodies of every-
one O come on you lovely
goddam horn and blow that
smug look off all their lousy
murderous pussies.**

America loves and rewards personalities, though—strident buffoons and sentimental Stanyan Street sorrowers—and has no time for a bedridden, pain-wracked giant whose only noise was the sound his fingers made as his traced on paper America's descent into hell.

*"And O My Girl"—from "They Keep Riding Down All The Time."

THE SAN FRANCISCO
BAY
GUARDIAN

CALENDAR FOR



Photo: Neil Morse

SUPER-
LISTS!

For St. Patrick's Day (March 17)

Ginsberg's Dublin Pub, 400 Bay St. An Irish piper will play while you eat corned beef and green bagels on the house. 11a.m. - 2p.m. McCarthy's, 1172 Market. Live Irish music starting at 3 p.m. The Abbey Tavern, 4100 Geary. Live Irish music and flying darts. Pat O'Shea's, Geary at 2nd Ave. Free corned beef. Festivities thru Sun. O'Shea's, 10th and Clement. Free corned beef thru Sun. The Little Shamrock, 9th Ave. entrance to Golden Gate Park. Direct from Dublin: Brendan Hogan, popular Irish vocalist, will entertain all day. Friday starting at 12, and Sat. and Sun. evenings. Baron's, 201 Powell St. Party with prizes and entertainment starts at 5 p.m. Mooney's Irish Pub, 1525 Grant, Irish Keilidhe Band - Irish dance music. Starts at 9:30 p.m. Harrington's Bar, 9 Jones. The Blarney Folk, 8 p.m. Mother Lode, 2001 Union St. Rock and Roll Dance night. Free. "Celtic Cabaret," San Franciscan Hotel, 8th and Market. The Irish Center festivities culminate here Sunday, March 19. Dermot O'Brien and His Clubmen, Irish dance music; Nita Noory, Irish vocalist; Larry Cunningham, popular Irish western singer; and Sham McGuire, Irish fiddler. 4 p.m., \$2, children under 12 free, under 18, \$1. 621-2200. Lots of Good Irish Coffee: Tommy's Joynt, Geary/Van Ness, 90¢ Buena Vista, Hyde/Beach, 80¢ Henry Africa's, 2101 Polk, 65¢ Vesuvio's, 255 Columbus, 90¢ Enrico's, 504 Broadway, \$1 Savoy Tivoli, 1438 Grant, \$1 Spec's Twelve Adler, 12 Adler, 90¢ Bratskellar, Ghirardelli Square, \$1 (lots of whipped cream on top)

Next: Bay Area clubs with "open mike nights," the SF bars with free hors d'oeuvres. Coming: Bay Area clubs that offer charter flights.

Note: What would you like to see Vicki Sufian and her agents and provocateurs ferret out, evaluate and compile for you? Send her your suggestions. We're putting together complete critical listings for bonus publications for Guardian readers.

SUN. 19

Music Swap Sale - everything from instruments to old sheet music up for trade or sale. Professional musicians will serve as appraisers for instruments. Browse or bring musical items to swap or sell (or play, we assume). Merchandise will be accepted on consignment or as a gift to the SF Conservatory 1201 Ortega St., 11 a.m. - 4 p.m., 564-3833.

Senate Hearing on Land Distribution and Agricultural Labor in California. Fiery highlights from hearings of Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor in SF and Fresno in seven one-hour programs. Last two, today at 1 p.m., and next Sunday, KPFA.

* MIX Concert, second in monthly SF Museum series, George Duke Trio (jazz), Shanti (East Indian, American rock, synthesis of raga, rock, jazz), SF Museum, McAllister and Van Ness, 2 p.m.

* Free films and slides featuring selections about nature, wild life, ecology and the environment, Oakland Museum, 1 - 3 p.m.

Multiple Clicksock, young man's brain implant programs his fantasies, (a play), tonight and Mar. 26, Newman Hall, Dwight Way and College Ave., Berk., 8:30 p.m., 848-7812.

SUN. 26

Fellini's "Satyricon," spectacular of grotesqueries, Pacific Film Archive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 4:30, 7:30, 9:30, 75¢, 642-1412.

"Do It Yourself Film Workshop," a rare chance to learn animation with the aid of experts, Intersection, 756 Union St., 397-6060, 7:30 p.m., \$1 donation.

City Walk, sponsored by SF Tomorrow. See the splendors - perhaps for the last time - of SF neighborhoods in the gun sights of big developers. Today, Russian Hill. Meet at Hyde & Chestnut on lawn nr. Alice Marble tennis courts; 1 p.m.

"Firing Line With William F. Buckley, Jr.," Slithery-tongued Buckley takes on fiery Northern Ireland leader Bernadette Devlin, KQED, 8 p.m.

"The Tropic of Miller," - Henry, of course, KPFA, 3:30 p.m.

"The Serpent," the play for which Paine Knickerbocker was "improperly conditioned," performed by Dudesheep Theatre Co., 430 Mason St., 8:30 p.m., \$2.

MON. 20

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, colorful & lively folkdance company, spectacular costumes, mariaches, marimbaists, Masonic Auditorium, \$3.50 - \$6.50, thru 19th.

Open House, every Monday at Fort Help, Joel Fort's center for solving special social and health problems, spirited raps on drug use, misuse, disuse, 199 10th St., 5:30 - 7:30 p.m.

Theatre games taught free every Monday, 1675 Page St., 7:30 p.m.

Claes Oldenburg exhibit: objects into monuments, 9 - foot baggy fried egg, six-foot vinyl toothpaste tube, other bigger-than-life art, University Art Museum, 2626 Bancroft nr. College, Berk., thru Apr. 9, 642-1207.

Tribute to Stravinsky, with Julian White, pianist, also Bach, Boulez pieces, SF Chamber Music Society, Fireman's Fund Theatre, 8:30 p.m., 397-7796.

* John Sloan exhibit, top artist from the Ashcan School, De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, thru March.

MON. 27

"Ecology of Birds." Register today for outstanding series of field trips to view local birds in native habitats. First meeting - Tilden Regional Park to study Woodland birds. Later, Alameda Beach for shoreline birds, Coyote Hill for marsh birds and Anthony Chabot Regional Park for a tour boat ride on Lake Chabot to view the heron and egret nesting colony. \$4 per person, \$8 per family, call 524-1034.

* "The Automated Battlefield," A chilling, thoroughly documented slide presentation showing how technological advances in U.S. weaponry have deepened the carnage in Indochina while enabling the U.S. government to withdraw troops and create illusion the war's winding down, YMCA, 4080 Mission, 7:30 p.m.

"Performance," a film. Rolling Stone Mick Jagger acts, Times Theatre, Stockton nr. Broadway, 362-3770, 2:40, 6:20 and 10 p.m., 99¢.

Lawn bowling, Wawona Bowling Greens (off 19th near Stern Grove), daily from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Golden Gate Greens (Bowling Green Drive, Golden Gate Park), daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Bring your own gear.

TUES. 21

SF Writers Workshop, every Tues., 7 - 9 p.m., exhibit room, first floor, Library, Civic Center, wide-open discussions, literary imbrolios, all welcome.

People for a Golden Gate National Recreation Area, general meeting, environmentalist rundown on bills & amendments now before Congress, strategy for battles ahead. Presidio Jr. High School, 30th Ave. and Clement, 7:45 p.m., 752-2777.

PUC Hearing on Sunset extension of Muni Railway, neighborhood stalwarts take on City Hall villains, Board of Supervisors' Chambers, City Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Arthur Hoppe, syndicated satirist who often makes reading the Chron bearable, speaks on "The Perfect Solution to Absolutely Everything," Main Theatre, Skyline College, admission \$2.50, students, \$1.50, 355-7000.

"Structural Integration: An Introduction," Esalen's uncommon but common sense ways to unify body & spirit, advance tickets at Esalen Office, 1776 Union, 771-1710, event at First Unitarian Church, Franklin & Geary, 8 - 10:30 p.m., \$3.00 general, \$2 students.

Tai Chi, Chinese dance/ exercise (be limber), Chinese Center, Mason & Washington Sts., 7 - 10 p.m.

TUES. 28

Judex, film directed by Franju, based on 1914 French serial adventures of superhero Judex (prototype of Batman) and arch-criminal Fantomas, SF Museum of Art, 7:30 p.m., \$1.

Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks, at the Boarding House, 960 Bush, thru Apr. 2, 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m., \$2.

Go to the SF Zoo for free. It's always free on Tuesdays, except during the second week of each month when Saturday rather than Tuesday is free. All other days its 50¢ for adults, free for everybody under 16. Call 558-4268 if you are confused.

* "The Changing Face of San Francisco," a photographic exhibit documenting gradual changes in the appearance of SF over more than a century. Includes panoramic views of the city photographed from Russian Hill (1855), Nob Hill (1877), Bank of America (1969) second floor, Library, Civic Center, thru mid-Apr.

TV Political Workshop: to instruct political candidates on how to use television. Free to all candidates at all levels of political office-seeking, 8:45 a.m. to 4 p.m., KBHK-TV, 420 Taylor St.

WED. 22

Ice cream party at Old Uncle Gaylord's hip ice-cream parlor, every Wed. at 9 p.m., 721 Irving bet. 8th and 9th. Watch Uncle G. make his week's supply of excellent homemade ice cream.

American Tonalism-1880-1910, an engrossing collection of curious old paintings and photographs, Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park, 34th and Clement, thru Apr. 2.

Marcel Marceau, wondrous mime, Vibrations, 9 p.m., KQED.

Mid-week outing: Del Valle, Sunol and Coyote Hills Park, East Bay Regional Parks Dist. touring group. Meet at 10 a.m., Old Firehouse, Pt. Richmond, bring bag lunches. Call early, group is limited, Susan, 233-2345.

"Angela, Portrait of a Revolutionary," Pacific Film Archive, UC Art Museum, Berk., 7, 8:15, 9:30 p.m., 75¢.

Jose Luis Cuevas, Kafkaesque watercolors, drawings and graphics, Humboldt Gallery, 780 Sutter, thru March 25.

5:07 Meetings (alternative life styles): lively discussions for those seeking new styles & hopes in life & work, SF Ecology Center, 13 Columbus Ave., every Wed.

Dance taught free, 2012-Pine, Mother Goose, every Weds., 8 p.m.

WED. 29

Outing: Las Trampas, Morgan Territory, Shadow Cliffs, see 3/22.

Philip Whalen, poetry reading, Panjandrum Press, 99 Sanchez St., 8 p.m., donation.

Filmmakers note: Enter Foothill College's 11th Annual Independent Filmmakers Festival. Entry forms covering festival rules and fees are available from Foothill College, 12345 El Monte Rd., Los Altos Hills, 94022 or call 948-8590. Seven cash awards.

* A chicken in every grocery bag (20,000 of them) will be given away free at the three-day Black Panthers Community Survival Conference. Speakers will include Ron Dellums, Julian Bond, Bobby Seale and Angela Davis. Also free sickle cell anemia tests. Today, Oak. Aud., 10th St., 5 p.m.; Thurs., Greenman Field, 66th Ave. (nr. East 14th), Oak., 12 p.m.; and Fri., San Pablo Park, 2800 Park St., Berk., 12 p.m., 465-5047.

"The Art of Anger and Hope: Rare Graphics of Revolution," posters of revolutionary fervor from International Red October to 1968 French students/workers strike, The Poster, 2266 Union St., 567-4842, Tues.-Sun., 11 a.m. - 6 p.m., thru May 6.

OR MARCH 16-29

The Bay Guardian Selective Calendar is a biweekly listing of entertainment, cultural and political events, also obscure doings in the Bay Area. The Calendar is suitable for framing, tacking up on a bulletin board or wrapping fish. Notify Vicki Sufian of demonstrations, openings, benefits, events of redeeming social significance. Deadline for next issue: March 24 and every other Friday thereafter. Best to write in early. Call us if you're late.

THURS. 16

Tax Counseling Service, for anti-war people set to battle the IRS, War Resisters League Headquarters, 833 Haight St., SF, 10 a.m. - 9 p.m., every Thurs., 626-6976; The Institute for the Study of Non-Violence, 667 Lytton St., Palo Alto, 7:30 p.m. - 9 p.m., 321-8382, every day at Berkeley Friends Office, 841-8919.

"Fireworks," Kenneth Anger; "A Movie," Bruce Conner; "Wave-length," Michael Snow—three fine subterranean films—Canyon Cinema, 800 Chestnut St., 332-1514. \$1 members, \$1.50 general.

Regional meeting on city height limits and Urban Design Plan, a must for neighborhood activists, Southeast District, auditorium, Herbert Hoover H.S., 2290 14th Ave., 7 p.m.

Ducks, Copperhead, hard rock, at Longbranch, 2504 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley, (also March 17).

Robert Creeley and three other poets read from their works, SF Art Institute, 3 - 5 p.m., refreshments.

Women's Rap, lively weekly discussion group. Today's topic: Virginia Woolf's Feminism. Call if you're interested in leading a discussion on a book or topic current in the women's movement. Coffee and reading tables provided.

vided. Modern Times Bookstore, 17th and Sanchez, 7:30 p.m., 621-2675.

* "Downstairs at the Institute," an off-beat group showing; ceramics, canvas, salami and mechanisms, SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut St., 332-1514.

* "Three Shades of Black," three very powerful one-act plays, Ed Bullin's "The Electronic Nigger," Cecil Brown's "Gila Monster," Richard Wesley's "Steady Rap," Julian Theatre, Potrero Hill Neighborhood House, 933 De-Haro St., SF, 647-8098, Fri. and Sat. thru March.

Styx River Ferry, country music, at Wumpers Old Man (it's a restaurant featuring omelettes), 1335 Grant St., 9:30 p.m., 391-7447, top price \$2.75.

Student Print Sale, \$3 to \$30, proceeds go to Printmaking Dept., Conference Room, SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut St., 771-7020.

Last day to register for "The Spectrum of Women," a 7-week seminar on history, culture and current struggles of women, Women's Center, Downtown YWCA, 620 Sutter St., 7:30 p.m., 775-6500, every Thursday.

* Three films on three current Indian battles (Alcatraz, fishing rights and land claims), Glide Memorial, 330 Ellis St., 7 p.m.

FRI. 17

Antique Rock: Coasters, of "Yakety Yak" fame, in the 1950s. Sand Castle Club, San Antonio Road and Second St., Los Altos, 941-2215.

King Crimson, English hard rock group; Malo, celebrated up-and-coming SF Latin rock octet, Winterland.

Jerry Garcia, SF's primo rock guitar virtuoso, and Merle Saunders, Armando Perazo, at Keystone Korner, 750 Vallejo, 781-0697.

Elvin Bishop, spirited dancing, at North Beach Revival, 1024 Kearny, 398-6414, thru 19th.

The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus, French horror film classic, about a mad plastic surgeon, SF Museum of Art Film series, 7:30 p.m., \$1.

"Black Recollection - 3 mean one-act plays," Black Educational Theatre, 1640 O'Farrell St., Fri's. and Sat's, 8:30 p.m., 6 p.m. on Sunday.

The Murder of Fred Hampton, a devastating indictment of Chicago police, won't be shown in regular Bay Area theatres, Pacific Film Archive, UC Art Museum, 2621 Durant Ave., Berk., 642-1412, 75¢.

Nocturnal Dream Show - "Divine Saves The World," a musical

political stage show, featuring Divine, Monda Trasho, Multiple Maniacs, Pink Flamingos, midnight (Sat. also), Palace Theatre, Columbus and Powell, \$2.50.

"Between Time and Timbuktu, A Space Odyssey" - A science fiction drama based on episodes from Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s novels, about a man who becomes an astronaut by winning a jingle contest, KQED, channel 9, 10 - 11:30 p.m.

Cleveland Wrecking Company, a solid local rock group, Wumpers Old Man, 1335 Grant.

"Escape by Balloon," W.E.R. La Farge's play consisting of ten intertwined events of discovery and freedom. ("What is it that twists our dreams into agonies," says a portentous press release.) Participatory. Fri's. and Sat's, Firehouse Theatre, 1572 California, 8:30 p.m., 441-2936, \$2.

Pitschel Players, excellent satirical improvisational group, every Fri. and Sat. Intersection, 756 Union, 397-6061. They're good; give them a donation.

Gene Nelson Show, on KSFO, continuing series of famous old radio shows. Tonight - "Your Hit Parade" with Frank Sinatra, May 29, 1948, 10 - 11 p.m.

SAT. 18

Eight films of John Lennon and Yoko Ono ("Rape II," "Fly," a winged insect stalks about on a woman's flesh, U. of Santa Clara, de Saisset Art Gallery, 7 p.m. - 10 p.m., \$1.

Grootna, Copperhead, at Longbranch, 2517 San Pablo Ave., Berk., 848-9696.

Greek Dance party, for benefit of Freedom News, the East Bay's best alternative paper, Aitos Folk Dance Taverna, 1920 San Pablo Ave., Berk., 5 - 7:30 p.m., donation \$1.75.

Congress of Wonders, hilarious hip comedy team, Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Ave., Berk., 9:30 p.m., thru Sunday.

* Cat Freaks: Championship All Breed Cat Show, presented by Marin County Cat Fanciers, Marin Veterans' Memorial Building, Civic Center, San Rafael.

Weekend long automobile tune-up clinic: 25 mechanics will gather at the center parking lot, Project Artaud, Alabama bet. 17th and Mariposa, \$10 plus parts. Benefit for Stephanie Kline defense fund, 9 a.m. to sundown.

St. Patrick's Day Parade - starts at Pine and Montgomery and travels along Montgomery, Post, Grant, O'Farrell and Polk, 1:30.

22

Uncle Sam parlor, 721 Irving St., 721-1111. Supply of ice cream.

1880-1910, collection of curiosities, photographs, Lincoln Park, thru Apr. 2.

Androus mime, QED.

Valle, Sun-Park, East Dist. touring n., Old Fire, bring bag group is limited.

Revolution Archive, 7, 8:15.

faesque and photography, 780 Sutter.

ative life for & hopes, ology Center, every Wed.

12-Pine, Weds., 8.

THURS. 23

"Processed—a Slide Reportage of Twelve Time Pieces," by environmental artist James Petrillo, every Thursday a special event in the gallery will be filmed and included in the exhibit, Berk. Art Center, 1275 Walnut St., Berk., Tues. thru Sun., 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.

"Independent Female," SF Mime Troupe's rowdy burlesque of Victorian values, outdoors at Dolores Park, 18th and Dolores, 12 noon.

New Riders of the Purple Sage, at Keystone Korner, 750 Vallejo, thru 24, 781-0697.

High Country, excellent bluegrass music, at Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo, Berk.

Xoregos Dance Company, 70 Union St., 8 p.m., thru 26th.

* "The Postcard Show," a delightful exhibition by a group of local artists, using the commercial postcard as inspiration for their imagery, SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut, thru Apr. 23.

* Ansel Adams retrospective exhibition of photos, Stanford Museum, Stanford University, thru Apr. 30.

Audition for Ford Foundation scholarships to study and dance with the SF Ballet School. Write to Judy Miller, SF Ballet School, 378 - 18th Ave., or call 751-2141.

"Save Rags" see a handmade rag-paper mill in operation, exhibits of old and new handmade books, papers and watermarks, admission: one 100% cotton or linen rag. Civic Arts Gallery, 1641 Locust St., Walnut Creek, Tues. - Sun., 12 - 5 p.m., Fri., 7 - 9 p.m., 935-3300, x258.

Mifune Film Festival, six weeks of samurai, detective and adventure sagas starring Toshiro Mifune, Japanese actor, Toho Theatre, Post & Buchanan, 563-1400, special discount cards available for \$10 - 5 perform., \$2.50 otherwise.

FRI. 24

Old Industry Tour, Bauer-Schweitzer Malting Co., 530 Chestnut St., SF, 2 p.m.

"Potemkin," Eisenstein's Russian history epic based on mutiny aboard one of the Czar's ships during the 1905 revolution. KQED, channel 9, 8:30 p.m.

Get Acquainted Party for SF Tomorrow, battling urban ecology group, no-host cocktails, entertainment, Artists Co-op, 2224 Union St., 6 - 9 p.m., \$1 donation at the door.

Guitar lessons, free, every Fri., 4 - 6 p.m., 1674 Page St., call 863-0542 or 621-6665.

"The Unsinkable Bette Davis," film tribute, and "Dark Victory," Davis tearjerker, The Film Fair, 732 Chenery St., 7:30 p.m., \$2, 586-7748.

"Who's Happy Now," parody of American family life and soapy TV renditions of same, Berkeley Repertory Theatre, 2980 College Ave., Berk., Tues. thru Fri., 8 p.m., Sat., 7 and 9:30 p.m., 848-4700.

"Hot Greeks," another outrageous Cockettes fantasy: metamorphosis of the classical Greek play "Lysistrata" into a 1940s college swing musical, Palace Theatre, Columbus and Powell, 861-4396, Mar. 25, 31; Apr. 1, midnight, \$2.50.

Orpheus, Jean Cocteau's lyrical film based on the classic myth, SF Museum of Art, 7:30 p.m.

"A Man For All Seasons," extraordinary acting, memorable lines, The Stage Door, Mason at Geary, 986-4767.

SAT. 25

Bruce Conner exhibition, Volume 2, "The Dennis Hopper One-Man Show," 10 collaged images from the strenuous life of actor/director/maverick Dennis Hopper, Reese Palley Gallery, 550 Sutter, thru Apr. 18.

A good day to gather signatures for Alvin Duskin's new initiative petitions to ban highrise construction, excessive campaign spending, city-wide election of supervisors. More info: SF Opposition, 664 Clay St., 986-8757.

Organ recitals, Bach-beneath-the-dome, the Legion of Honor, 34th Ave. and Clement, every Sat. and Sun., 3 p.m.

Dahlia Society root sale, buy your prize dahlia roots here, Hall of Flowers, 9th Ave. and Lincoln Way.

26th Annual Grand National Junior Livestock Exposition and Horse Show, an animated change of pace from city night life (tho in some ways closely similar), Cow Palace, 334-4852 for tickets, thru 26.

Grafton Tyler Brown: Black Artist in the West, lithographic views of 19th century California towns, the Comstock in Nevada Territory and paintings of the Pacific Northwest, History Special Gallery, Oak. Museum, thru March.

29

Morganiffs, see

reading, Sanchez

ter Foot-annual Inde-Festival.

ilable from 45 El Monte 94022 or cash awards.

grocery bag be given a-day Black Survival

will include Bond, Bobby is. Also free

s. Today, 5 p.m.;

eld, 66th Oak., 12

ablo Park, 12 p.m.,

ad Hope:olution,"

ary fervor ed October

ents/workers 66 Union Sun., 11

ay 6.

BEST BETS

How can you eat well on a small budget? One solution: "The Food-stamp Gourmet" (Bellerophon Books: 153 Steuart St., SF, 1971, \$1.50), collection of cheap but savory recipes put together by Wm. Brown during his own times of poverty.

Covers all the basics: applying for food stamps, shopping methods (make friends with the butcher) and cooking terminology (blanch, roux). Costs per serving (31¢ to \$1), preparation time and cooking time precede each recipe so that you know before you even start how much it will cost and how long it's going to take. Includes Stuffed Cabbage, Mercedes Benz, Flank Steak au Poivre and Moussaka. Explicit and easy to follow. All recipes tested by newcomers to the kitchen. Cleverly illustrated by comic book luminaries Gilbert Sheldon, Greg Irons, David Sheridan.

Ride your bike April 9 and help pass the Clean Environment Act on June 6. Its recent Bike for Life in Los Angeles was so successful, the People's Lobby (it placed the initiative on the ballot) is sponsoring one in San Francisco to help fund the campaign. How it works: you get sponsors to

pledge a certain amount of money for each mile of the designated 33-mile route you ride. Then on April 9 you get out there and pedal.

For further information or to obtain a Bike Card, contact the People's Lobby, SF Office, 864-0542 or 391-6307.

Little known, but extremely interesting facts about San Francisco's well-known parks. The Recreation and Park Dept.'s bi-monthly 21-page guide lists a surprising number and variety of activities and facilities available, mostly free, throughout the SF parks: dog training classes, softball, flycasting, Tai Chi, Chinese exercises, lawn bowling, trampolines, children's events. For a free copy: write or call Mario Cotruvo, Recreation and Park Dept., McLaren Lodge, Golden Gate Park, SF, 94117, 558-4268.

Free for Non-Profit Organizations: The Neighborhood Arts Program will print handbills to help publicize fundraising events. Call Howard McHale or Arlene Goldbird, 558-2325, at least five working days before the event. For additional publicity needs, check out the NAP brochure, "How to

Manipulate the Media," (available only to non-profit arts groups) with its many useful tips: how to write press releases, how to approach print media and lists of TV/Radio shows that have community announcements. Paul Kleymann, author of the brochure and NAP publicity director, will meet with arts groups for more individual publicity advice.

Last year, when KPFA decided to schedule some special women's programs for International Women's Day, it had a problem—there were none. KPFA women had done no programming, women's issues had not been frequently treated and even programs on famous women were scarce. Finally, KPFA managed to get a hold of a tape made by some women in San Francisco and Women's Day was observed.

Now, KPFA has four hours of women's programming titled "Unlearning Not to Speak." The format includes a remote broadcast from Petaluma on women in rural areas, debates on abortion, discussions of alternative forms of motherhood. Thursday's broadcast is devoted to news about women.

Women are encouraged to

phone in their comments and reactions during the broadcasts. Friday afternoon meetings at 2:30 for all those interested in producing programs, reading poetry or being interviewed. "Unlearning Not to Speak," KPFA, Mon.-Wed.-Fri., 12:30 p.m., Tues. and Thurs., 10 p.m.

By Vicki Sufian

*No admission charge

ALTERNATIVE
TRAVEL

THE 10-SPEED SCENIC
DRIVE—EAST BAY
REGIONAL PARKS.
By Tom Standing

Rumor: the trouble with bicycling the spectacular chain of parks cresting the East Bay hills is that you have to carry your bicycle by car to get there—the access roads are too steep.

Fact: most of the access roads are too steep, but not all. There's a way up that

won't unduly strain even a beginner's Achilles' tendon. The grades are moderate, the streets quiet, the views—well, the views are why people have been known to plunk down \$25,000 for a small piece of land with one.

Begin this 25-mile loop at the Berkeley Civic Center on Milvia Street (10 a.m. or so is the best time; bring lunch and wind-breaker). Ride south to Russell, then left toward the hills, ascending past fine old homes. You're still in the flatlands, but much of the trek will be no steeper than Russell. Dogleg around the fairy-castle Claremont Hotel to Ashby Avenue, which immediately becomes Tunnel Road.

Expect traffic for a short distance. Turn left at the traffic signal with all the signs and follow Tunnel Road up a short steep stretch to the crest. Turn left again and you're in good bicycle country, a narrow, winding easy grade through eucalyptus groves with startling views to the west. Old Tunnel Road becomes Skyline

Boulevard at the Broadway Terrace intersection. Continue to the crest at Grizzly Peak Boulevard; you've climbed 1,300 feet! Now it's flat riding and beautiful views for several miles, the Contra Costa watershed on your left, San Francisco and the Bay on your right.

Beware the confusing street signs at Snake Road intersection; keep left on Skyline. A mile farther, narrow Pinehurst Road leads to the isolated community of Canyon. Nearby is where highway engineers once wanted to build a major road from Oakland to Moraga. At Skyline Gate of Redwood Regional Park, stop to picnic and relax. Many hiking trails begin here. Water and restrooms are available.

The big downhill starts past Roberts Gate. Watch for sharp curves and save your speed for Joaquin Miller Road, a very fast, smooth, four-lane divided street. There is a stop sign at the bottom of the grade. Follow the map to MacArthur Boulevard, which dips through a small shopping district and skirts a steep hill

with the Altheim home sprawled across its top.

A right turn on Randolph avoids freeway traffic entering MacArthur, and the route leads you through quiet streets to Grand Avenue. The Grand Lake Theatre is your landmark. Pass over a short rise through Piedmont and re-enter Oakland where Grand Avenue becomes Pleasant Valley Road. At Broadway and College, the property on your right is California College of Arts and Crafts.

Return to Berkeley along College Avenue—a popular street for bicycling—past the freeway and the Rockridge BART station. If traffic annoys you, detour left one block at 63rd Street to Hillegass. If you stay on College instead, stop just before Ashby and reward yourself with an ice cream cone at Bott's, regarded by many as the best ice cream store in the Bay Area. A short ride and you've completed your loop of the East Bay hills.

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Map: Tom Standing; Cartoon: Louis Dunn

MUSIC

FROM 'FAVE RAVE' TO
'ROLLING STONE'—
THE FALL & RISE OF ROCK
PUBLICATIONS

By Alec Dubro

About seven years ago we—the old folkies of the university—used to sit around and discuss the merits of the Stones and the Beatles with all the intensity and seriousness of a flock of theological students evaluating determinism and free will. We also got the idea that we may have been crazy to take the new rock music so seriously.

So, when *Crawdaddy*, the first "serious" rock publication hit the newsstands in early 1966, it was like the publication of the Masters and Johnson report. I was relieved—I found out everyone did it. Well, maybe not everyone. But enough.

Prior to *Crawdaddy*, the popular music field was covered only by such journalistic disasters as *Sixteen*, *Fave Rave* and *Tiger Beat*, whose covers, sporting fuzzy four-color pictures of the Dave Clark Five and Herman's Hermits, glowed in fluorescent abundance on the stands. Their only purpose was to milk the winkle-pickers of their inflated allowances.

Today, of course, those first issues of *Crawdaddy* seem abysmally crude. The writing was often hopelessly vague, over-adoring and lacking in perspective. The printing quality made the average bowling-team newsletter look professional. There were few pictures. But, with the power of

an idea whose time had come, *Crawdaddy* swept all before it. And with its young editor, Paul Williams, at the helm, it established the beginnings of a pop journalism.

The field is now large and may get larger. Between then and now, several organs have gone under, including *Cheetah* and *Eye*, both slicks out of New York, the latter backed by Hearst millions. The over-ground media heard the sound of money, but were unable to channel any of it into their diversified portfolios. It's a field where outside control is not only resented, but pretty much doomed to failure.

But, enough pontificating. The rock publication game became big time with the advent of *Rolling Stone* in 1968. *RS* didn't get big overnight, of course, but it did within a few years and is now the most famous magazine published in San Francisco.

Following the success of *Rolling Stone* came a host of imitators, most of which have now established themselves as magazines with a personality and a readership of their own. Most have gone beyond mere coverage of the rock scene, providing information about books, films, political events and people, news and general esoterica. The spiritual base remains rock, however.

As does the financial base, and therein lies the rub. For all of them are dependent, in greater or lesser degree (count the ads for a thumbnail estimate), on the largesse of the record companies. This has led to charges and counter-charges that the rock magazines, *Rolling Stone* in particular, have become either subtle or overt promotion sheets for the record companies. This is hard to either substantiate or disprove. In the same sense that any publication that sells advertising doesn't go out of its way to offend advertisers, rock magazines don't out-of-hand put down the record companies. But, as far as I know, any substantial charge against a company will get space.

In addition, the record industry is filled with promotion gimmicks: trips to conventions, free records, free concerts, free parties, lots of free bullshit. Frequently, these promotional non-events get written about. Very occasionally they're worth writing about. In this sense, the rock mags do work hand in glove with the record companies, much as police reporters must work closely with police.

Note that the comments which follow are similar in form and depth of comment to the round-up record reviews run in the rock mags. This is done intentionally, not so much as a protest as an act of journalistic justice, but to illustrate a point this old record reviewer feels is important: a review is one person's judgment. Even if a reviewer knows his stuff, he could change his mind the next day or be way off or have a taste different from yours.

So, get a variety of opinions. And remember: everyone who listens is a critic. Some of us write.

Here, then, are our own appraisals of the current crop of rock magazines. That is, those which are available in the Bay Area. Only *City Lights* and a few of the Telegraph Avenue bookstores in Berkeley seem to carry all of them, but if you like rock music (and really, who cannot?), then it's worth searching them out.

1. *Changes*, Publisher Susan Graham, Editor Jack Banning, published every other Wednesday in New York City, 50¢

Changes has the *Rolling Stone* format—fold-over front page, making for a newsstand cover and an inside cover. The inside cover reads: Commentary, arts and music. Pretty accurate. It tends to feature several long articles with a heady variety of subjects. The issue I'm staring at has a long interview with David McReynolds, famed socialist and war-resister. Another on "Music and Politics," possibly the most explored subject on the smoggy horizon. Two articles on poets: one on Jack Micheline, the Beat Poet, and another on the

private lives of poets. Also a mediocre interview with the Band.

2. *Circus*, Publisher Gerald Rothberg, Editor Howard Bloom, published monthly in New York City, 75¢.

Circus is the only slick of the seven, with virtually nothing but rock music and color pictures of stars. *Circus* is the closest thing to a teeny-bop magazine that caters to a new rock audience. It stuffs many, many articles into each issue. And most are kind of trendy and somewhat limited in depth, although such is not always the case. It has listings of rock concerts all around the nation, and one unusual feature—it publishes poems by readers.

The photography reproduction ranges from mediocre on down. Despite this, each month it has a foldout poster in the middle. This month's is a blurry picture of Grand Funk Railroad apropos of nothing. Get the picture?

Circus claims to have 1½ times the circulation of *Rolling Stone*, but I have my doubts. Groupies, men and women, could get behind it, but others are advised to approach warily.

3. *Crawdaddy*, Published by *Crawdaddy Publ. Co.*, Editor Raeanne Rubenstein, published biweekly in New York City, 60¢.

The same *Crawdaddy* that started it all, but not so's you'd notice it. It has gone through a succession of editors: Paul Williams has since become a member of Mel Lyman's holy family; the second, Chester Anderson, besides being one of the oldest living beatniks, has also disproved the argument you can live only five years on speed. The current editor, Ms. Raeanne Rubenstein, is trying to restore former glories and add new ones.

Crawdaddy is now fold-over style, and has two sections. The level of writing is high, and there is good news coverage, a lot of it non-rock. Record reviews are very good. Enough space is allowed to de-

Continued next page

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Continued previous page

velop a good exploration of the music, although this limits, somewhat, the number of reviews. The first of the two sections is devoted to short newsy items and reviews, the second to longer articles in depth. It covers books and films, but only lightly. Definitely a worthwhile publication.

4. *Creem*, Published by *Creem, Inc.*, Editor none, published monthly in Detroit (!), 60¢.

Most revolutionary, politically, of the rock publications in word and deed, as must follow from its geographical location: Detroit, the most revolutionary of cities. Maybe. Anyway, *Creem* is a collective: two houses where *Creem* people live and work. There is no editor per se and no positions. Probably there are, but that's known only to *Creem*.

Anyway, *Creem* sports a comic-book format with color on the outside covers and newsprint black-and-white inside. It takes rock seriously and specializes in long, detailed—occasionally ad absurdum—stories of outer groups and artists. It likes to mix music and politics, when possible. For instance, in the February issue Dave Marsh takes the theme and occasion of Dylan's single, "George Jackson," to write an 11-page article on Dylan. It does pieces on most anything including football.

Other features include a good but limited book section, a gossip column similar to *Rolling Stone's* "random notes" and Greg Shaw's *Juke Box Jury*, which delves into singles, past and present. *Creem* publishes the most imaginative record reviews—although not necessarily the most thoughtful.

Creem is staffed and written, in part, by people who became fed up with *Rolling Stone's* intra-office turmoil. It is definitely the rising rock mag, and an entertaining, though erratic, piece of pulp.

5. *Fusion*, Published by *New England Scene Publications*, Editor Robert Somma, published monthly in Boston, 50¢.

Fusion just changed from 21 issues a year to 12 and I haven't seen it since the

change. But I imagine it's about the same.

It is generally the least concerned with rock, which befits a Boston enterprise. Until the J. Geils band surfaced last year, Boston had no rock band worthy of the name. It is frightfully intellectual, as Boston tends to be. A good deal of its material makes little sense to anyone outside the circle.

But, in general, its political and social commentary can be the deepest—similar to things in the *Nation* or the *New York Review of Books*—in the rock mags. It also seems impervious to the news. Its rock news is inconsistent and its critics are longtime, overpublished New Yorkers like Robert Christgau, Lilian Roxon and John Gabree. But, it has two "names" of note: R. Meltzer, who can be one of the funniest rock writers going, and Michael Lydon, who helped found *Rolling Stone*, writes for *Ramparts* and is, in my humble opinion, the best rock writer we've yet produced.

While it is prone to publishing silly things—such as a Dylanological crossword puzzle—it is certainly worth the 50¢ to see what they're thinking in the back rooms of Beacon St. Comic-book format.

6. *Rock*, Publisher unlisted, Editor Larry Marshak, published biweekly in New York City 75¢.

Rock is one of the *Rolling Stone* imitators that hasn't tried to find its own image. But, it has been around for more than two years, so maybe its conservatism is justified. That's no reason why I should advise you to read it, though. It seems to know what's happening in the rock world, judging by the choice of subject, but it simply doesn't have any outstanding writers.

Rock is well-done, graphically. Its photo reproduction and layout are nice to look at and *Rock* is printed on a better grade of paper than the others. But the best things to read are the record reviews and they aren't very good. Scarcely worth the 75¢.

7. *Rolling Stone*, Published by *Straight Arrow*, Editor Jann Wenner, published bi-

weekly in San Francisco, 60¢.

The one to which other magazines must, by necessity, be compared. The biggest, the richest, the most professional. But, the best? I think *Rolling Stone* has its moments of grandeur, but too many people read only *Rolling Stone*, which is not a good thing. It tends to be awfully one-sided on a lot of things.

Rolling Stone, the only West Coast rock mag, was called a "sea level" publication by Paul Krassner. He went on to explain that it's a paper which doesn't know whether it's underground or overground. Certainly by circulation and influence, it's no longer in the underground category. But, by subject matter—rock music, radical to liberal political pieces and just about anything relating to the counter-culture—it's still down there.

Its "random notes" section may be a bit cute at times, but it is closest to the news. The films are well-covered, by rock magazine standards, but its books are very spotty. The record section is still the most complete and generally the most knowledgeable. Its specialty reviewers—blues, oldies, folk—appear in profusion and rarely in any of the other mags.

Why, then, is it so controversial? Partly for its political stance—it seems to find radical politics an impossible dream at times. Partly for its ability to make or break a musician—which may be over-rated—causing it to be feared by many musicians. And, partly for the rather rigid way it's run and edited.

But one of the benefits of *Rolling Stone's* power and money is that it enables them to do long investigative pieces with skilled writers. Raoul Duke's recent "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" was as wickedly funny a tale of a D.A.'s conference as exists. And Joe Eszterhas' article on the local narcotics squad and their informers was scary, enraging, fascinating reading. Even if you don't care for the music news, the long pieces alone are frequently worth the price of the whole magazine.



THEATRE

IN LIGHT OF THE SLOPPY NEW DRAMA, COWARD'S 'PRIVATE LIVES' TAKES ON THE STATURE OF A CLASSIC

By Rolfe Peterson

"Private Lives," ACT, Geary Theatre (415 Geary)

The Committee Revue (622 Broadway)

"Private Lives" is a godsend. The ACT needed an unqualified hit, and this is it. The rest of us needed reassurance that theatre can be enjoyable, and "Private Lives" is that. The idea of theatre as enjoyment has been all but killed by the theatrical Encounter-Groupies who are trying to "revitalize" modern drama and make it more "relevant" by playing sensory-awareness games and harassing the audience.

They are too young and inarticulate to know that physical vitality is only part of it; that there is an athleticism of the intellect that is far more vital than any touchie-feelie ritual.

In light of the sloppy approach of the new dramatists and directors, "Private Lives" takes on the stature of a classic. Its superficial wit and dexterity become symbols of civilization and grace; and the new ACT production at the Geary seems not only enjoyable but important.

In general, I can express admiration for the director, Francis Ford Coppola; the scenic designer, Robert Blackman; the costume designer, Robert Fletcher; and the performers, Michael Learned, Paul Shenar, Deborah Sussel, Jay Doyle and Karie Cannon. They have all managed to handle such

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Continued previous page

elements as style, pace, English accents and the dress and decor of the 1930s with commendable flair.

A few lapses deserve mention. The ACT is a company predisposed to Camp, and there are moments in "Private Lives" when the stylish fun of a costume or a tango begins to turn into self-conscious cuteness. Deborah Sussel's entire performance is weakened by this tendency to overdo when underdoing is what the Noel Coward spirit calls for.

Although Michael Learned does extremely well with Amanda, she too is allowed to misinterpret Coward a few times. Her new husband tells her how beautiful she looks—"like an advertisement."

"Oh," she cries, "nothing peculiar, I hope!"

Then he says that this moment is the happiest they will ever know. She replies: "Oh, dear, I did hope our honeymoon was going to be progressive."

In both these witty lines Amanda is fully aware that she is being witty. When a Noel Coward heroine is being screwball, bitchy or ridiculous, she knows she is being screwball, bitchy or ridiculous.

The mistake made by Coppola and Learned in the lines quoted above is to read genuine worry into them. Amanda wouldn't screw up her face and put a tragic whine in her voice—she would be pleased with her own wit. Most of the time Miss Learned is, and it's an excellent performance.

As long as I'm giggling, let me try once more to analyze Paul Shenar's acting personality. He is cursed by good looks, and this presumably leads to his frequent casting in leading-man roles.

But the only time I have seen him thoroughly sure and convincing was in "The Three Sisters," in which he played an ugly, middle-aged character role completely unlike himself. Leading men have to have as much class and charm in their own personalities as in their acting technique. Shenar gets away with this Coward character—giving it the suavity and English upper-class cool it requires—most of the time. But intermittently another Shenar breaks through and weakens a line or a scene.

I counted ten lines that he fumbled. Before the play was ten minutes old he had groped and strained, with a glaring lack of suavity, to extract a cigar or something from his breast pocket. A moment later he dropped his cigarette case, fortunately catching it before it hit the floor.

Something about the way he wears the

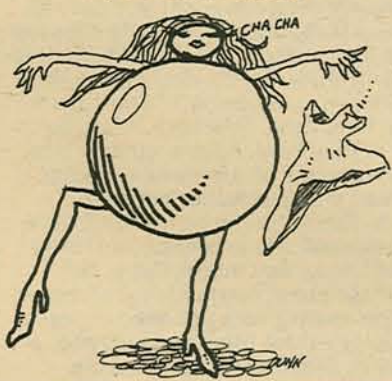
lurid green dressing gown in Act II makes you suspect it came from Sears. I had fantasies of Tyrone Power and Laurence Olivier with nervous disorders.

But enough fault-finding. "Private Lives" triumphs over these few adversities and offers an evening of pleasure.

The new Committee Revue is back in the old Committee groove—more laughs and less pronouncements on the ills of society. The current cast, particularly Morgan Upton, Jim Crenna, Dan Barrows and Ruth Silveira, is the best in recent years, and it's a pleasure to be able to recommend them heartily once again.

MICHAEL MCCLURE'S 'THE FEATHER'—A HIT PLAY STARRING A STRIP- TEASING SPHERE

By Frederic Stout



"Who's Happy Now?" Berkeley Repertory Theatre (2980 College, Berkeley, 845-4700)

"Polymorphous Pirates," The Magic Theatre (2485 Shattuck, Berkeley, 848-9475)

"The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," Spring Opera Company, Curran Theatre (455 Geary, San Francisco, 673-4400)

The latest production of the Berkeley Repertory Theatre is Oliver Hailey's "Who's Happy Now?" My reviews of the Berkeley Rep's recent work have been most unkind, but I honestly have grown accustomed to being bored out of my wits by everything they do. And that, as I have said more than once, is a pity because the company of actors and actresses at the BRT contains a tremendous amount of professional talent. My impression is that

the BRT's troubles lie with Michael Leibert, who knows a little something about directing, but almost nothing about choosing plays. The BRT's "A Children's Hour . . . Or So," which operates independently of Leibert, is tremendously worthwhile and recommended for children of all ages.

In "Who's Happy Now?" old grievances have been redressed, and Leibert at last has scored a solid triumph.

Hailey's play is an extremely personal analysis of American family life in the 1940s and 1950s as seen through the eyes of a male child at the ages of 6, 14 and 18. The work succeeds in that most difficult of theatrical tasks, the simultaneous maintenance of comic and tragic interest. "Who's Happy Now?" is almost classically well-made and finely crafted. The child-narrator (Thomas Lynch) controls the action, occasionally interrupting to explain to his mother, seated in the audience, why certain realities of their family life had to be altered for dramatic purposes. Acting as a running commentary on the action is a chorus-like bartender (Robert Mooney). The principals—Ron Vernan as the father, Patricia Bower as the mother and especially Holly Barron as the father's girl friend—are all superb in their respective roles.

Some problems remain with the production, but they are minor ones. The sustained intensity of the first two acts falls off somewhat in the third when action gives way to speechiness. Throughout the work, the nice craftsmanship occasionally verges on artificiality and preciousness, and Lynch's portrayal of the 14-year-old and the 18-year-old maintains too many surface elements of the hurt little 6-year-old. All in all, however, a marvellous production and one which the BRT should attempt to match in their future efforts.

The Magic Theatre of Berkeley has moved into a new house and has opened its 1972 season with Michael McClure's "Polymorphous Pirates." The rest of the season will consist of five new plays, including "Plastic Panic" by Nick Kazan, "Apollo 99" by John Lion (artistic director of the Magic Theatre) and "Themselves," a work developed by the company as a whole. The Bay Area theatre scene has waxed a little dull lately, and the new season in Berkeley should definitely liven things up.

McClure fanatics will enjoy "Polymorphous Pirates," but those of us who can take McClure or leave him alone will be unsatisfied. "Polymorphous Pirates" is not "The Beard," nor even "Spider-Rabbit." The work consists of two very short pieces, "The Button" and "The Pussy,"

and a slightly longer creation called "The Feather." To my mind, at least, the first two pieces are without merit. "The Button" concerns three children mimicking the sex-games of their parents. Witty enough as a premise, the idea is never developed into anything of significance.

What laughs there are are cheap ones, and a writer of greater and more self-critical discipline would have left the work tucked away in the desk drawer. "The Pussy" is slightly more substantial, but it too seems more like a formal exercise than a fully-developed piece of theatre. The characters (two American soldiers in Vietnam, three nude women and a sabre-toothed tiger) act out various outer- and inner-directed aggressions and strive to make some kind of philosophical point about highly civilized man's relation to the natural environment. McClure aims for a simple profundity, misses and hits a banality square between the eyes.

The third piece, "The Feather," is the hit of the show. A mini-musical extravaganza, "The Feather" involves the whimsical interaction of natural forms (Feather, Paw, Tentacle, etc.) and a quartet of libidinous geometrical solids. The piece is all-singing, all-dancing with music provided by an hilarious assemblage called the Knights of the Living Dead. The work features Charles Goldman as the Pyramid-emcee and Peggy Browne as the Sphere (whose incongruously funny strip-tease has to be seen to be believed). What makes "The Feather" so delightful is that it is all of a piece, entirely self-contained without so much as a hint of external reference. Like a fireworks display, the action begins, proceeds and ends as a series of glittering explosions of sight and sound. A relatively minor form of art, perhaps, but fascinating when, as in this case, it is really well-done.

"The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (music by Kurt Weill, words by Bertolt Brecht) has, I believe, been performed in the U.S. only twice prior to the Spring Opera Theatre's production.

The Curran production of "Mahagonny" featured mediocre singing, execrable acting, impossibly bad lighting and music that you had to strain to hear. This last is a particular sin since the Weill score is in his characteristic ragtime style and must be played rough and loud to be effective.

The Spring Opera Company's production of "Mahagonny" was operatic in the worst sense. A truly great movie could be made of the work, if anyone had the guts and the determination to bring it off.



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FILMS

THE NEW, VIOLENT MOVIES—THEY STEAL OUR SOULS AND LEAVE US WITH LITTLE MORE THAN DESPAIR.

By Michael Goodwin

Violence is an inescapable fact of life. Therefore it is, and should be, a fact of art as well. Inasmuch as art reflects life, and insofar as the artist works with the stuff that surrounds him, it's no surprise that as long as there has been theatre, death, blood and violence have been an important part of it.

Greek tragedy, Elizabethan theatre, American melodrama—all have dealt with violence. And no one but a sweetness-and-light freak would suggest that movies should be any different.

Nonetheless, there has been an ominous trend of late toward films that present violence in a pandering, near-pathological manner. Ideological film criticism is always dangerous, as censorship is usually worse than whatever it's supposed to protect us from. Still, I think, the point has been reached where we have to examine certain recent films in a way that will allow us to get to the roots of their sickness—for sickness I believe it to be.

We Hold These Truths To Be Self-Evident

1. Art reflects and informs society. Sociologically, film is a loop. As a member of society, the filmmaker cannot avoid reflecting sociological trends in his work. But at the same time, film as a medium is so all-pervasive that the ideas presented, and the way they are presented, affect society strongly. The filmmaker has the option to influence sociological trends as they channel through him or her—or to energize them or damp them.

2. For the most part, we perceive films as dreams. This is a crucial point, and one that is little understood (except by certain political filmmakers, the children of Brecht, who are struggling to change it). When we sink into our theatre seats, we

sink into a trance-like state in which the material we absorb is primarily visual and emotional, not intellectual.

Specifically, the images we see have much more weight than the thematic construct supported by them. We can discuss the intellectual material, and we usually do, but what stays with us is the image of what we've seen. What kind of dreams did you have after you saw "A Clockwork Orange?" Polanski's "Macbeth?" "Straw Dogs?"

Violence As Apple Pie

From the days of theatrical melodrama, violence has loomed large in the American consciousness. Perhaps this has something to do with the old Puritan ideology, based as it is on the concept of righteousness. If you're right, any action you take is justified. If you're wrong, any action taken against you is justified.

The western film, our native genre, has always been extremely violent. Blazing sixguns, injuns and bad guys biting the dust, frontier justice and the law of the rope—all these are running themes. Yet the western is, at heart, a Morality Play—and in the end it was always the bad guys who were killed. Lip service was paid to the Christian ethic (usually it was a woman who spoke out against "all the killing"), but in the end everyone knew that the bad guys got what they deserved.

In the 1930s and 1940s, as the frontier grew further away in time, a new form of violent film arose, one without good guys and largely without morality—the film noir. In the film noir (an example is "Kiss Me Deadly," directed by Robert Aldrich) there are no heroes, only anti-heroes, and the violence is unrelenting. Yet even in these black films there is a glimmer of hope, if only by implication: the film noir is specific, not general, and if it deals with the dark, insular corners of the human soul, there is still the whole universe outside it to which we can turn for light.

Despite their heavy use of violence, most films noir treated the pictorialization of violence with restraint. If it was central to the genre, it was still only one aspect of that genre's attraction.

Audiences enjoyed the dark ambience, the opportunity to view the seamier side of life, and the fact that, for the most part, the filmmakers made no heavy-handed moral judgments. If there was a fascist undertone to the film noir (growing from the assumption that man is basically evil) it was still quite subtle—perhaps even unconscious.

It wasn't until "Bonnie and Clyde" that screen violence became a cause celebre. Suddenly critics were up in arms: not only had director Arthur Penn ended his film in a hail of bullets, but he came in for tight close-ups of the outlaws' bodies bouncing in their death throes. At the time, I found myself in disagreement with the anti-violence spokesmen. I felt the emotional structure of the film made it impossible to view the ending without revulsion. Still, said the critics, this was only the beginning. Where could films go from here except toward escalated violence and stomach-turning details?

In light of recent films, I'm forced to admit they were right. At various times I've made excuses for "The Wild Bunch," tried to justify "Coogan's Bluff" and defended "Bullitt." But I'm running out of excuses and, what's more, I'm getting scared.

Tooling Up For Armageddon

During the last few months, nearly all the major Hollywood films to be released have shared a brutal, almost loving attitude toward violence. "A Clockwork Orange," "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Straw Dogs" and "Macbeth," coming together as they have, open a window into the current state of American consciousness that I'd almost rather not look through. Each film can be justified. Several are cinematically excellent, and those I enjoyed seeing very much. But at this stage of the game, cinematic excellence is like sugar-coating on a poisoned cupcake. As sociology these films are terrifying, as art they're disastrously irresponsible.

You can mount convincing arguments in defense of these films. "Clockwork," we're told, is really an analysis of violence within a serious, ethical framework. "French Connection" is a realistic cop movie and, since many cops are brutal and sadistic, it's only fair they should be shown that way. "Dirty Harry" was directed by Don Seigel, one of the masters of the action film (not to mention the film noir), so its violence can be excused as the legitimate thematic obsession of an auteur.

"Straw Dogs" is not only an auteur film (by Sam Peckinpah), but its theme—the necessity of taking action in defense of one's beliefs—is unassailable, even "revolutionary." "Macbeth" is based on Shakespeare's violent tragedy, and the killings are right there in the first folio, where they've been since 1623.

But all that's intellectualisation; the gut message of these films is a lot uglier.

Alex, in "Clockwork," is a homicidal psychopath, yet the structure of the film is manipulated to make his violence seem positive, even good. Complexities of theme aside, we react to his return to freedom (i.e., the freedom to rape and brutalize) with relief.

In "French Connection" and "Dirty Harry," the main characters are brutal sadists, but since they are the main characters we can't help identifying with them.

Ideologically, "Straw Dogs" seems to be the best of the lot—making a case for the necessity of violence under circumstances that, we must agree, seem to call for it. Yet the underlying, simplistic idea that violence makes one a "real man" (in the purely sexist sense) is a far cry from the careful analysis that ought to precede violent action. The film ends up being a commercial for violence: kick the shit out of everything in sight, and you'll be a man, my son.

Polanski's "Macbeth" revels in blood and gore, dwelling on details of violence that Shakespeare carefully placed off-stage. In fact, the dreadful, unrelenting violence of Polanski's treatment is at direct odds with Shakespeare's theme. We ought to be appalled by Macbeth's actions, but by the time the film is halfway through we are so inured to the violence that we react to it with nothing deeper than weariness, and a growing sense of despair. If this is how the world works, then Macbeth's behavior is perfectly reasonable, even exemplary.

I think these films reflect the desperate frustration of a society with its back to the wall. There are lots of reasons for the frustration, ranging from the disappearing frontier to the Vietnam War. We look around us for psychic breathing space, and all we see are crowds of other people doing the same thing.

The counter-culture may be in slightly better shape (at least it seems to have hope), but the ineffectiveness of dope smoking and rock 'n' roll as tactics to bring meaningful change is an increasingly discouraging fact.

People without hope become violent. Cultures living on the brink of destruction become cruel. Human beings who are denied their basic human needs cease to be human, and become animals. I think that's where we are, and I'm afraid it's going to get worse before it gets better. It looks to me like we're tooling up for Armageddon. The evidence is all around us, and not

Continued next page

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Continued from previous page

only in films.

Cultures die, and new cultures are born out of them. This is a natural process and there aren't many members of my generation who will mourn the death of this culture. Still, the death of a culture can be gentle or it can be a bloodbath. I don't know if there's time to avert our headlong plunge toward the bloodbath, but filmmakers like Kubrick, Polanski, et al., sure aren't helping any.

Their main characters are evil, and whether we call them heroes or anti-heroes makes little difference—we can't help identifying with them and, what's even worse, internalizing them. This is the worst kind of conditioning, or brainwashing, imaginable because it comes packaged as entertainment and we open ourselves to it willingly. Spending two hours as Dirty Harry makes us dirty, for in the act of accepting the brutality we become its willing accomplices. These films steal our soul and leave us with little more than despair.

Despair is the stuff that fascism feeds on. If hope is gone, if life is brutal and the means of changing it is kept out of our reach, why not grab everything in sight and hang onto it by any means necessary? Why not kill for it? The only answer these films offer is: Why not, indeed?

NOTE: This article was conceived and developed with the invaluable collaboration of Hal Aigner. His own treatment will be published shortly in The Night Times. I would also like to acknowledge the help of Naomi Wise, who contributed many important ideas.

HITS ON THE SILVER SCREEN

By The Shadow

MARCH 16: "Wavelength" (Snow) at Canyon Cinematheque, SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut Street. Films by Anger and Conner are also on the bill, but "Wavelength" is the major attraction. Utterly indescribable, Snow's structuralist masterpiece has won countless awards. You're simply not entitled to an opinion on the current state of film art if you haven't seen it, so why not take this opportunity—

it doesn't show that frequently.

MARCH 17: "Eyes Without A Face" (Franju) at the SF Museum of Art. "Eyes" is a classic chiller by the great French filmmaker, Franju, and it's one of the chief films on which his reputation rests. Striking visuals, and a very black vision indeed.

MARCH 18: "Sweet Sweetbacks" (Van Peebles) at the Pacific Film Archive, 2621 Durant, Berkeley. We haven't seen it, but a recent rave review in Take One has got us interested.

MARCH 21: "Therese" (Franju) at the SF Museum of Art. Another Franju film we haven't seen, but certainly worth a look.

MARCH 22: "Angela: Portrait of a Revolutionary" (Yolande du Luart) at the Pacific Film Archive. A stunning cinematic study of Angela Davis, dealing with her activities before the Marin shoot-out, made by a young French woman who was her student. It's not as politically rigorous as, say, "Pravda," but as an honest portrayal of a dedicated revolutionary it carries a lot of political weight.

AT THE NABES:

"The Cowboys" (Rydell): John Wayne stars, with the support of a magnificent cast featuring Roscoe Lee Browne (in his best performance since "Topaz"), Bruce Dern (in his best performance since "Drive, He Said," or maybe "The Two-Headed Monster") and a bunch of very talented kids. Rydell's homage to the great westerns of the past, "The Cowboys" just might be a re-working of "Red River."

"Dealing" (Williams): Thoroughly enjoyable, this is the best of a genre (dope movies) that hasn't offered much of interest 'til now. The Cambridge ambience is perfect, there are several very interesting characters and, with the exception of Barbara Hershey as a Berkeley sex object, the film isn't insulting. It's a lot like "Shoot the Piano Player," as has been noted elsewhere, and as long as you know it's a fantasy you'll probably enjoy it as much as we did.

"Play Misty For Me" (Eastwood): It's nice to know they're still making B-movies in 1972. Embarrassing in spots, terrifying in others, "Misty" features a terrific performance by Jessica Walters, and a claustrophobic atmosphere that we liked very much.

"Pocket Money": This one's a long

shot, as we haven't seen it, but everything we've heard makes it sound like a good possibility. Laszlo Kovacs shot it, and it stars Lee Marvin. We'll try to see it before next issue, but it may close by then so...

"Skin Game" (Bogart): A message film that's so enjoyable you won't guess it is a message film 'til halfway through. Fine performances, a tight, literate script and lots of laughs make "Skin Game" just the thing for a night when you can't handle anything heavy.

Plus, of course, "200 Motels," "Klute," "The Last Picture Show" and "McCabe and Mrs. Miller."

FOOD

A CLEVER WAY TO STIR UP A QUICK (AND CHEAP) MEAL

By Sharon Rufener

Chinese cooks have a clever technique to deal with odd-sized scraps of cheap meat. They slice it thinly and stir-fry quickly—saving time, fuel and vitamins.

To prepare meat for stir-frying in any language, start with some raw, boneless, well-trimmed meat. Use chuck or other cheap steak, chicken breast, pork or lamb or boneless turkey meat (a real bargain at 69¢ a lb. at Safeway). The meat should be semi-frozen for easier cutting. Slice thinly across the grain into little oriental-sized pieces.

The following recipes make two servings and are just the right size for one frying pan, or just the right size for one increase the proportions if you need more servings. Just start another pan-full.

Hurry Curry

3/4 lb. thin-sliced meat strips
1 Tablespoon curry powder
(use less if you're timid about seasonings)
2 Tablespoons flour
2 Tablespoons fat for frying
(you can use fat rendered from the

meat trimmings, or use peanut, corn or other cooking oil)
3/4 cup bouillon

(hot water with 1 bouillon cube - beef for red meat, chicken for poultry)

Optional additions:

2 green onions, thinly sliced (just the white & light green part)
1/2 teaspoon chopped fresh ginger

Put the flour and curry powder into a plastic or paper bag, add the meat and shake until well-coated. Toss the meat into a hot, oiled frying pan and stir until nearly cooked. Pour in the bouillon and other ingredients, stir well to get the flour off the meat and into the broth. Put a lid on the pan and simmer until the gravy is thickened.

Serve with brown or white rice or cracked wheat. Accompany this with a salad, and in lieu of condiments or chutney, a spiced peach.

With a few changes, the above recipe will change its nationality and become

Galloping Goulash

1 small or 1/2 large onion, thinly sliced into short pieces
3/4 lb. thin-sliced meat strips
1 Tablespoon paprika
2 Tablespoons flour
2 Tablespoons cooking fat or oil
3/4 cup bouillon
(use only 1/2 cup if you are adding sour cream)
Optional additions:
1/2 cup sour cream or sour half-and-half, stirred until smooth
1/2 green pepper, seeded and thinly sliced into short strips

Slowly saute the onion and optional green pepper until limp and slightly browned, remove from pan. Shake the meat in a bag with the paprika and flour until well-coated.

Stir-fry the meat until nearly cooked, add the bouillon and the onion (and pepper) to the meat and stir to mix well. Cover and simmer until the gravy thickens. Just before serving, stir the sour cream into the gravy until well-mixed.

Serve with vegetable noodles, plain noodles, potatoes or cracked wheat. Accompany with salad (cole slaw would be good).



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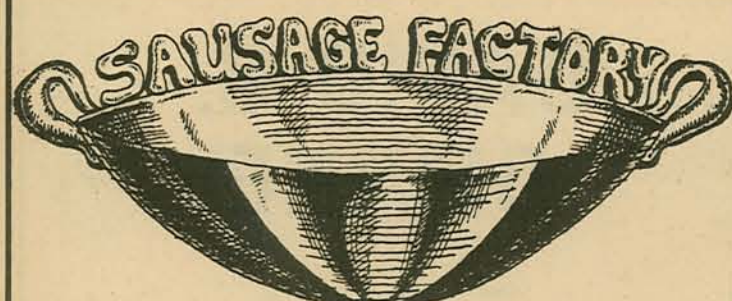
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CAN THE MOVEMENT IN AMERICA BECOME RELEVANT?

By Kenneth Rexroth

Nixon's China trip, as all the smart people prophesied, has turned out to be primarily, possibly exclusively, a publicity stunt like everything else "positive" Nixon does, all thought up, organized and steered by the J. Walter Thompson types from Mad Alley.

It was a TV spectacular designed to totally smother the Democrats and rebel Republicans in the opening of the primary campaign. Nixon hates and fears the printed word. The press entourage was almost all television people including the executives who came along for the chop suey and, except for one girl, they were brainless sharpies—most especially the barfly tidbit scavengers and bellboy and taxicab interviewers who the rest considered "old China hands."

Have you any idea of the mind of a foreign correspondent, even the best of the press, much less the snoopers for the boob tube? It's the kind of mind that considers the discovery that Willy Brandt is actually a drag queen "the greatest news story of all time." Most conspicuous in the interminable coverage was the total lack of homework. The heaviest TV correspondent knew far less about China and its ordinary life and customs than did Nixon himself who, if nothing else, is one of the best briefed presidents of all time, even if it is all nothing but input and output which slides through "like green shit through a gray goose," as the cowboys say, and leaves nothing behind.

Is anything important likely to happen? Can Nixon shift the fulcrum or move just a little weight toward the lighter side to achieve a balance in the deadly Russian-Chinese teeter-totter? So doing, is it possible that a general pacification and division of the world could result? It is theoretically possible, but the first major attempt in that direction shows an extraordinary lack of intelligence.

The support of West Pakistan was simply the behavior of a fool. You can brief a super parrot with all the data you can gather and he can repeat it back—but behind the playback is nothing but a bird

brain. The pettiest of motives seems to have determined Nixon's pique, not least luncheon-club male chauvinism: "I'll be damned if I'll let a woman talk to me like that." Least of all a colored woman and a socialist.

It is hard to see how the U.S. can foster a three-cornered balance of power when it is motivated by a worship of a purely imaginary Free Enterprise. The final erosion of laissez-faire imperialism is a fact of economics, not a matter of policy. Furthermore, the U.S. is going bankrupt and is now paying its immediately due debts at 75¢ on the dollar or less.

The indications are, however, that the Chinese and the Russians do desire a general pacification and at least a temporary division of the world with the U.S. If this comes about it will be at their option, not Nixon's or his successor's. If it does, something very remarkable is going to happen in the U.S. In fact its likelihood is presaged by what is beginning to happen right now.

In the demoralization of national power centers and the general bankruptcy, outside of the U.S., which followed the Second World War, revolutionary movements around the world reverted to the independence they had enjoyed before the Russian Revolution. For ten years there was a great revival of libertarian socialism and demands for workers' control at the point of production. As the Cold War and its hot episodes in Korea and Vietnam, and briefly Cuba and the Congo, settled down, radical movements, protest, resistance, revolt, and even theory, began to reflect directly the conflict of foreign offices.

People aligned themselves as Maoists, "orthodox Bolsheviks," Castroites, Cheists, until the latest thing amongst the Marxists in the youth revolt became "the North Korea-East German Axis." It is for this reason—the overwhelming predominance of somebody else's foreign policy—that the Movement in the U.S. has ignored in action any program of immediate demands.

Washington has been flooded again and again with demonstrators against the Vietnam War, but in the most serious economic crisis since 1929 (actually more fundamentally grave) there is no effective unemployed organization in the U.S. whatsoever, and all attempts to form one have been defeated by the quarrelling spokesmen of the assorted foreign offices—and of course of the CIA-FBI. It has been estimated that more than \$3 billion of tax money goes into these two organizations. If one one-hundredth of it is spent on agents-provocateurs that's a large number of agents-provocateurs.

Recent months have witnessed a dying down of this quarrelling, but with no in-

crease whatever in organization. The spokesmen for Maoism in the U.S. have ceased to be the Progressive Labor Party and its comet tail of freaks and freakouts. They have been replaced by a new, massive recruitment—quiet, scrupulously polite young Chinese in well-pressed suits, neckties and straight haircuts.

This is just a hint of what's coming if Nixon can realize his ambition to become a one-man Congress of Vienna. Does this mean that the Movement in America can return to a native basis and become relevant to the pressing immediate demands of American society?

I doubt it. In the first place, all the various spokesmen of all the various foreign offices will attack all autochthonous libertarians and militants as "Trotskyite mad dogs, wreckers and diversionists." As for the latter, there's that \$3 billion which can be tapped to keep them frantic mad dogs with judicious injections of hydrophobia.

BUT—if the Vietnam War and similar overt conflicts are ended—it should be possible once again to at least begin a few rational actions toward radical solutions in American society. It might even be possible to try to provide what the Movement in this country has always lacked, a general theory of this final phase of imperialism in which we are living, which bears little resemblance to the prognostications of Hobson and Lenin, of Bukharin or Rosa Luxemburg. At the present moment the number of people who know what is happening to us is very few and far between.

BEING PRESIDENT ISN'T THE ONLY WAY TO GET YOUR IDEAS INTO THE MARKETPLACE

By Alvin Duskin

If you want the American people to get a look at what you are up to, it's a whole lot easier if you are the President.

A few weeks ago, we saw President Nixon drinking Chinese wine and toasting his hosts in Peking with a poem by Chairman Mao. Several years ago Bobby Seale quoted from the same Mao passages in "Seize the Time," and the words were called "inflammatory." Coming from the President of the U.S., the identical phrases no longer kindle even a qualm. Suddenly, it doesn't feel at all radical to quote Mao or carry the little red book or wear a red button. There's even a shop opening up on Union Street called "The Cultural Revolution." A little bit of Mao's thought has entered America's historic market place of free

ideas.

All this reminds me of the time Lyndon Johnson looked directly into the camera and, speaking right from the heart to all of us out here in citizenland, predicted "We Shall Overcome." This happened toward the end of a particularly violent decade in which thousands of people were beaten and jailed for saying the same thing. It was an idea whose time had come years before Johnson knew it and, if someone else had been able to say it on prime-time television or in a lead article in Time magazine, there might have been several thousand fewer knocks on the head.

Not that the fight for justice for black people was over when Johnson announced he had joined it. Or that anyone has overcome much of anything yet. But a good part of the general public now believes the struggle to overcome is respectable and not communist-directed or powered by the sexual attractiveness of black people.

Being President isn't the only way of getting your ideas into the market, of course. Owning a major daily newspaper, for example, can be helpful. Then you can simply print your own thoughts and the stories that reflect your viewpoint, and forget about or downplay or subtly alter the rest. And owning a major TV or radio station works almost as well.

If these ways too seem out of reach, you can gain access to the general public by buying space in newspapers and writing your own news stories and editorials (the editors label them "advertisement," but in most papers the distinction between ad and news has blurred to the vanishing point). In the past I've tried this and found that it works pretty well—it can lead to free time on television and elsewhere in the media because, when you buy space in newspapers and say something people find interesting, you then become news.

The trouble with this approach is that it still takes lots of money. A full-page ad in the Chronicle-Examiner costs \$10,000 or so, more than the average person earns in an entire year. So it's mostly large corporations that advertise their views this way. The sad part is that the interests of corporations are much narrower than the interests of people.

A corporation that makes detergents, for example, can increase its sales by saying, in a 30-second spot commercial, that clothes should be "whiter than white." And if they jingle and jangle it often enough, very few people will keep in mind a conflicting idea that's still on the fringe of the market—that "whiter than white" means more harmful washing and bleaching chemicals dumped into our water supply. And no one, of course, pays an agency on

Continued next page

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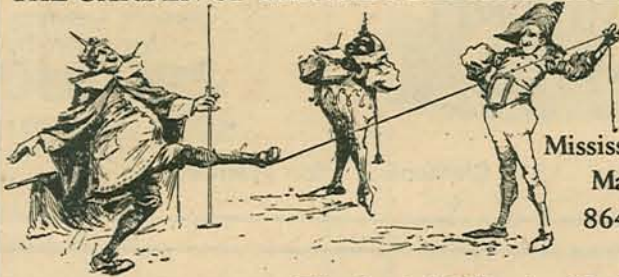
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Continued from previous page

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If the shirt problem seems trivial (we can drink bottled water and swim in pools), try to get away from the problem of cars. The people who make and sell cars buy a lot of space to tell people that it would be a good thing for them to buy a new car.

No one buys space to say it would be a good thing *not* to buy a car, that *not* having a car might be a gain rather than a deprivation. That not having a car might mean regaining the use of your legs for transportation just as you have long used them for tennis and walking around supermarkets. And everyone would breathe a lot better, too.

It seems to me that consciousness about cars or anything else—detergents, wars, minorities, prisons, redwood trees, jobs, whatever—can be raised faster if we don't have to wait for the President, or the owned press, or the major corporations. We can speed up the democratic process by helping people who don't have the typical corporate or governmental view gain access to the market place of free ideas.

A few years ago the Federal Communications Commission ruled, under the fairness doctrine, that the American Cancer Society had the right to free TV time to answer the commercials of the cigarette companies. And now people in San Francisco and Washington and elsewhere are waking up to the idea that there's more free time to be had—because it isn't just cigarettes that are killing us.

If the test cases coming up result in a broadening of the fairness doctrine, as is widely predicted, then we may soon see people, who would rather walk and breathe deeply, having the same access to the public that car-makers now have.

In San Francisco, several people (I'm one of them) are working on a project that aims to help people who are not President, who don't own a newspaper or a TV station or a corporation, gain access to the media. It's an advertising and public relations agency that would do only public interest, pro bono work. It's modeled on the public interest law firms springing up

all over the country and, as far as any of us know, it's the first agency to be set up to do only public interest work. Hopefully, there soon will be more, and more of a demand within commercial agencies for released time to do pro bono work.

This agency, if it works out, will do radio and television ads for clients who want to reply to specific commercial or governmental ads. But most of the agency's time will go to help people who never get the press to cover their stories or, if they are covered, find their message so confused by the incompetence of reporters and rewrite men and the distortions of editors that few readers get any idea at all of what is happening.

We'll try to work out ways to get a fair hearing for people who have alternatives to the corporate view. Life in the market place of free ideas may brighten up when at least some of the people in the center of the market are selling something new.

THE MUNI CLATTERS TOWARD WRACK & RUIN

By Jack Morrison

I have a neighbor who recently abandoned the Muni as a way to get to work and back home. He gave in to the frustration of Muni delays, overcrowding and higher fares. Now, with two passengers, he drives his car. They have found a place to park for \$1.25 a day and so the three of them, looking at the Muni charge of \$1.50, believe they have a bargain.

The City loses, of course, but these three commuters can probably count on a few years of added convenience before the crush of auto traffic becomes intolerable. It's still possible to get downtown a little quicker by car, mainly because more than 200,000 daily commuters doggedly go on patronizing a public system that clatters toward wrack and ruin. Their endurance is matched only by the insouciance of the City Hall Muni managers.

No other city in the country is so well-suited as San Francisco to the efficient use of public transportation. There is no obvious reason why it should fall victim here to the disastrous cycle of higher fares, curtailed service and fewer riders that has bedeviled other systems. That is why it's easy to think there's a plot afoot to do in

the Muni, a plot generated by the steel-oil-rubber-concrete complex or some other malign force with an economic end in view.

A better explanation, I think, is that the destruction of the Muni stems from confusion of mind, and that confusion extends from Mayor Alioto through his appointees on the Public Utilities Commission to the Board of Supervisors and to Jack Woods and his aides, who actually run the system. They haven't been able to make up their minds what they want public transportation to achieve and they haven't been able to clear away the cobwebs of old-fashioned ideas.

The nearest thing San Francisco has had to a transportation policy in late years was former Mayor Shelley's stated goal of building a public system capable of bringing every San Franciscan downtown within 20 minutes. That goal never got out of the realm of rhetoric, but it had consequences for the use of the automobile on City streets and for on-street and off-street parking, as well as for modernizing the Muni.

If, at the task of providing people with urban mobility, the Mayor, his Commissioners and the Board of Supervisors have been placid non-achievers, one aspect of their performance is especially noteworthy for its backwardness. Abetted by certain downtown business interests, they cling to the idea that the fare-box should defray the cost of mass public transit. Their acceptance of the Muni deficit is grudging, and they see little reason to improve a money-losing operation.

Yet they should no more expect the Muni to pay its way than they should expect the Health Department or the Fire Department to pay its way. Neither should they consider it a losing operation until they quantify its total benefits and balance that figure against the operating deficit. By some quirk of history our public transit systems were first built privately for profit, and we find it hard to stop thinking in the terms of that vanished age. By contrast, we do not strain to justify the assumption of public responsibility to build roadways for the private auto.

Let's suppose the City decided to rely more on public transit and to build the Muni into a first-class system. What actions would help toward that goal? Greater reliability of service would have to be established early in the game, and that would entail a thoroughgoing moderniza-

tion of the equipment and the physical plant. The long failure to move in this direction stems largely from the PUC's fear and distrust of the voters. Financing by general obligation bonds could have been obtained years ago if the Muni managers had taken the people into their confidence and allowed them to participate in the planning and vote on the bonds. Few issues are more popular than improving the Muni. But the ways of the managers are devious. They prefer to move through manipulable non-profit corporations, all the while estranging themselves more from the people.

The next step in the grand plan would be to lower the fares. A ten-cent fare, coupled with a vigorous promotion campaign and a schedule of increased restrictions on the use of the auto downtown could increase patronage fairly quickly by as much as a third.

Many groups could unite on the issue of building an efficient, low-fare Muni. It offers an excellent opportunity to put together a broad-gauged environmental coalition, the kind of power base that is necessary in San Francisco to win an election. The labor unions would be eager for the battle, in the interest of jobs for transport workers, electricians and machinists. The poor would organize for lower costs. The conservation organizations, dominated by the white middle class, would fight for cleaner air and less traffic noise and congestion. The design professions and the City-beautiful people would campaign for a livable City, one not further disrupted to suit the demands of cars. And a lot of people are simply interested in better public transportation. It's not hard to see a constituency of 80% of the voters.

City Hall can't see it, though. In its unimaginative and short-sighted way it proposes cut-backs in evening and weekend service. It is complacent at the prospect of a drastic loss of patronage. The ensuing traffic problems will be thought about some other day. This is an old familiar track. We have been on it a long time.



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TABLE B: HOW A SAFEWAY STORE SHORT WEIGHTS MEAT

The table below shows how the Guardian itemized, then averaged together, each Weights and Measures inspection made in the past two years at the Safeway on Castro. Result: one of the worst markets in San Francisco with an average short weight percentage of 8.9%. The Guardian similarly itemized, then averaged together, all inspections made in 1970 and 1971 in computing the average percentage for each of the 58 stores on Table A.

The Department bases its inspections on statistical sampling procedures. The inspector begins by determining the lot size—the estimated number of packages inside the counter. He then determines the minimum number of packages to be tested. Take, for example, the entry date 6-24-70: The lot size is 800 packages and the minimum sample is 30 packages, each one a different type or cut of meat, fish or poultry. (According to the sampling formula, if the lot size is between 301-500 packages, the minimum sample is 25. If the lot size is 801-1,300, the minimum sample is 40. For a lot size of 1,301-3,200, the minimum sample is 50. For a lot size of 3,201-8,000, the minimum sample is 60.)

The inspector weighs each sample package to see whether it contains the quantity printed on the label. Of the 30 packages inspected, two were found short weight: a total of 6.7%. Since the statistical sampling method aims to judge the entire lot by a representative sample, we can assume that in this case 6.7% of all 800 packages in the counter—or 54 packages—probably were short weight.

Safeway 1333 Castro St.

Date	Lot Size	Number of packages inspected	Number of packages found short weight	% of packages found short weight	Type of meat found short weight
1-14-70*	400	25	9	36%	polish sausage, haddock fillets, halibut fillets, pork chops—center cut, cut up chicken, sirloin steaks, calf liver, beef liver, bacon slab
2-70	800	30	2	6.7%	breakfast steak, Greenland turbot fillets
6-24-70	800	30	2	6.7%	Greenland turbot fillets, fillet steaks
10-7-70	801	40	5	12.5%	beef ribs, beef liver, beef stew, salmon steaks, short ribs
11-18-70	800	30	1	3.3%	ground beef
1-19-71	800	30	2	6.7%	sole fillets, chicken breasts
4-22-71	801	40	2	5%	beef liver, round steaks
7-20-71	1000	40	2	5%	smoked ham—sliced, pork chops—center cut
10-15-71	130	50	3	6%	sea scallops, full cut round steaks, beef liver
Total number of packages inspected		Total number of packages found short weight		Average % of packages found short weight	
290		19		6.5% (San Francisco audits only)	
315		28		8.9% (Includes state audit)	

*Audit by the State Bureau of Weights and Measures

TABLE A: LIST OF SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS AND HOW MUCH THEY SHORT WEIGHTED MEAT IN 1970-1971

This list of San Francisco markets—and their short weight practices on pre-packaged meat—was compiled by the Guardian from the 1970-71 inspection audits of the San Francisco Department of Weights and Measures. The markets are listed, from best to worst, by the average per cent of packages that were found to be short weight during all Weights and Measures inspections made in the past two years. (Table B, for Safeway on Castro, shows how these averages were computed.) A package found short weight is usually short an average of 2 to 3%, about half an ounce, according to the Department of Weights and Measures.

Name of Market	Address	Number of Weights and Measures inspections over 2 years	Average % of packages of pre-packaged meat found short weight
Unique	2400 Fillmore St.	(6)	0%
Fanny's	820 Bush St.	(6)	0%
Top Quality	3601 Balboa St.	(2)	0% *
Safeway	3150 California St.	(7)	.4%
Safeway	2020 Market St.	(7)	.7%
Big Bonus	1350 Folsom St.	(8)	.8%
Cala Foods	1095 Hyde St.	(8)	1%
Pine Taylor	996 Pine St.	(6)	1.3%
Cala Foods	6333 Geary Blvd.	(7)	1.8%
Brentwood	4175 Mission St.	(7)	2% *
Safeway	1445 Sutter St.	(8)	2.1%
Mayfair	355 Ocean Ave.	(9)	2.2%
Mayfair	350 Bay St.	(7)	2.4%
Safeway	1388 46th Ave.	(7)	2.4%
Safeway	345 Williams Ave.	(6)	2.4%
Bell	1390 Silver Ave.	(10)	2.7%
Lucky	1100 Eddy St.	(9)	2.9% *
Mi Rancho	3365 20th St.	(5)	3.2%
Safeway	822 Geary Blvd.	(7)	3.3%
Safeway	690 Chestnut St.	(7)	3.3%
Safeway	1150 Ocean Ave.	(7)	3.3%
Safeway	3132 Clement St.	(8)	3.3%
Food-Land	1300 Eddy St.	(7)	3.4%
Safeway	15 Marina Blvd.	(6)	3.7%
McCambridge	755 Portola Dr.	(7)	3.7%
Cala Foods	4201 18th St.	(7)	3.8%
Cala Foods	690 Stanyan St.	(5)	3.8%
Safeway	142 Jackson St.	(7)	4%
Safeway	735 Eddy St.	(6)	4.2%
Safeway	3290 Diamond St.	(7)	4.2%
Q.F.I.	2900 Alemany Blvd.	(10)	4.2%
Cala Foods	201 Leland Ave.	(7)	4.3%
Phillips	580 Hayes St.	(4)	4.3%
Bell	3950 24th St.	(5)	4.3%
Mayflower	2498 Fillmore St.	(9)	4.4%
McCambridge	Vicente & 34th Ave.	(8)	4.4%
Safeway	2715 24th St.	(8)	4.4%
Safeway	4940 Mission St.	(7)	4.4%
Safeway	2300 16th St.	(9)	4.5%
Olympia	2139 Polk St.	(6)	4.6%
Safeway	1330 Bush St.	(8)	4.6%
Albertson's	3975 Alemany Blvd.	(10)	4.6%
Mayfair	1755 Geary Blvd.	(7)	4.7%
Safeway	1010 So. Van Ness Ave.	(9)	4.9%
Co-op	6190 3rd St.	(9)	4.9%
McCambridge	500 Kirkham St.	(8)	5.4%
Safeway	3350 Mission St.	(9)	5.5% *
Park and Shop	1200 Irving St.	(8)	5.8%
Lucky	100 Lakeshore Plaza	(8)	5.8% *
Safeway	2630 Bayshore Blvd.	(8)	5.9%
Cala Foods	199 Parnassus Ave.	(7)	6.1%
Safeway	2350 Noriega St.	(7)	6.1%
Safeway	1275 Fell St.	(7)	6.2%
Cala Foods	3845 Noriega St.	(10)	7.5% *
Safeway	3131 Vicente St.	(12)	7.6% *
Safeway	625 Monterey Blvd.	(8)	8.1%
Safeway	1333 Castro St.	(9)	8.9% *
Safeway	111 Cambon Dr.	(9)	9.2% *

* Audits by the State Bureau of Weights and Measures always revealed much more short weighting than did the County audits. This indicates the County gives stores the benefit of every doubt and stores probably do much more short weighting than appears in the County records. The State Bureau of Weights and Measures periodically makes these audits to check on County Departments.

URBAN STRATEGY



Continued from front page How 55 of 58 supermarkets are short weighting meat

error and is necessary for evidence for prosecution. However, P.I.R.s aren't taken often; the Guardian has discovered at least eight instances where Weights and Measures inspectors did not follow this procedure.

A good example is Park and Shop market. Two audits, six months apart, required further sampling. I asked Senior Inspector William Alliston why he did not make the required Package Inspection Reports.

"It wasn't necessary," he said. "We got voluntary compliance. We took every package that was short weight off-sale. Why should we waste all those man-hours it takes to do the paperwork for a P.I.R.?"

"But you aren't getting compliance," I replied. "This market made the same mistakes in an audit six months later. Why should they comply? They know you haven't prosecuted anyone in seven years."

"So you think the markets are cheating the consumer," said Alliston.

"All I know, from your audits, is a lot of customers are losing money on short weight packages. Why give stores the benefit of the doubt? If I tried to pay 98 cents for something costing a dollar, I'd never get past the check-out stand."

"What about Angela Davis?" he asked. "We're giving her the benefit of the doubt—innocent until proven guilty. I thought you were just writing a paper. You're playing judge and jury, too."

"I just want to know why you aren't using your full powers under the law," I said.

In Riverside County, the district attorney's office is bringing a civil action against the Rath Meat Packing Co. for selling "one pound" packages of bacon that weighed less than one pound. Rath bacon isn't pre-packed meat, but the same short weight statutes apply.

The suit was filed under the California Business and Professions Code, which prohibits false or misleading advertising, allows the DA to issue injunctions against companies putting out merchandise under

false advertising and sets penalties of \$2,500 for each pound of short weight bacon.

This action, Dep. Dist. Atty. James E. Green told the Guardian, would greatly affect "our ability to control the corporation."

Why can't San Francisco prosecute short weighters like Riverside County? Said Petry, "They just opened a consumer fraud division in the DA's office there. They've got the teeth to do it." (The DA's office in San Francisco has a consumer unit but it's not doing much; see editorial, p. 10.)

In short: Petry's office isn't doing much, the DA's office isn't interested in prosecuting short weighters and, to make things worse, the City of San Francisco (through its Chief Administrative Officer, Tom Mellon) has tossed a bucket of ice water on the department by proposing it be swallowed up by San Francisco's Agriculture Department. Mellon's move is calculated, not to increase inspection services, but to curtail them drastically, with complete disregard for San Francisco consumers.

I went to two stores with bad records to find out why they were doing repeated short weighting. Instead, I found that store officials were surprised to hear that they had bad records; they said they thought they'd been doing a good job.

"We were never told by Weights and Measures that we were doing a bad job," said a young man behind the meat counter of Safeway on Castro. (Average short weight percentage is 8.9%.)

"I thought we were doing all right," said Mr. Lucas, manager of the Safeway on Vicente (7.6% short weight). "We've never received a citation. We have had some problems with our scale. We have a new, very modern computer scale and it has given us a few problems in the past. This store is a pilot store. If the scale works out, we will buy more of them for the new stores."

Lucas offered to show me the scale. "Now this is how we set the tare," he explained. "The tare is the weight of the container. The customer is only charged

for the net weight of the meat, so we have to set the scale back a few hundredths of a pound to allow for the weight of the container. With the plastic tray and cellophane wrap, the tare for a T-Bone steak would be three hundredths of a pound."

He turned a knob in the scale. "Watch the labels. I'm going to weigh the same steak twice, first with the tare set properly and then with the scale set on zero." The difference in the labels was two cents.

Lucas told the wrapper to run some steaks through the computer scale. Several steaks traveled down the conveyor belt, were weighed, labeled and deposited on a tray when Lucas suddenly cried out, "Stop! We forgot to set the tare!" Grin-

ning sheepishly, he turned to me and said, "Well, you can't avoid human error."

Undoubtedly, it is difficult to get around human error in the markets. But the questions remain: If Safeway on California can average less than one-half of one per cent, why can't Safeway on Castro and Safeway on Vicente do the same? Why can't Weights and Measures tell us which stores have good records and which have bad records? Why can't Weights and Measures and the DA go after the big short weighters who repeatedly, audit after audit, year after year, cheat their customers out of thousands of dollars on meat?

